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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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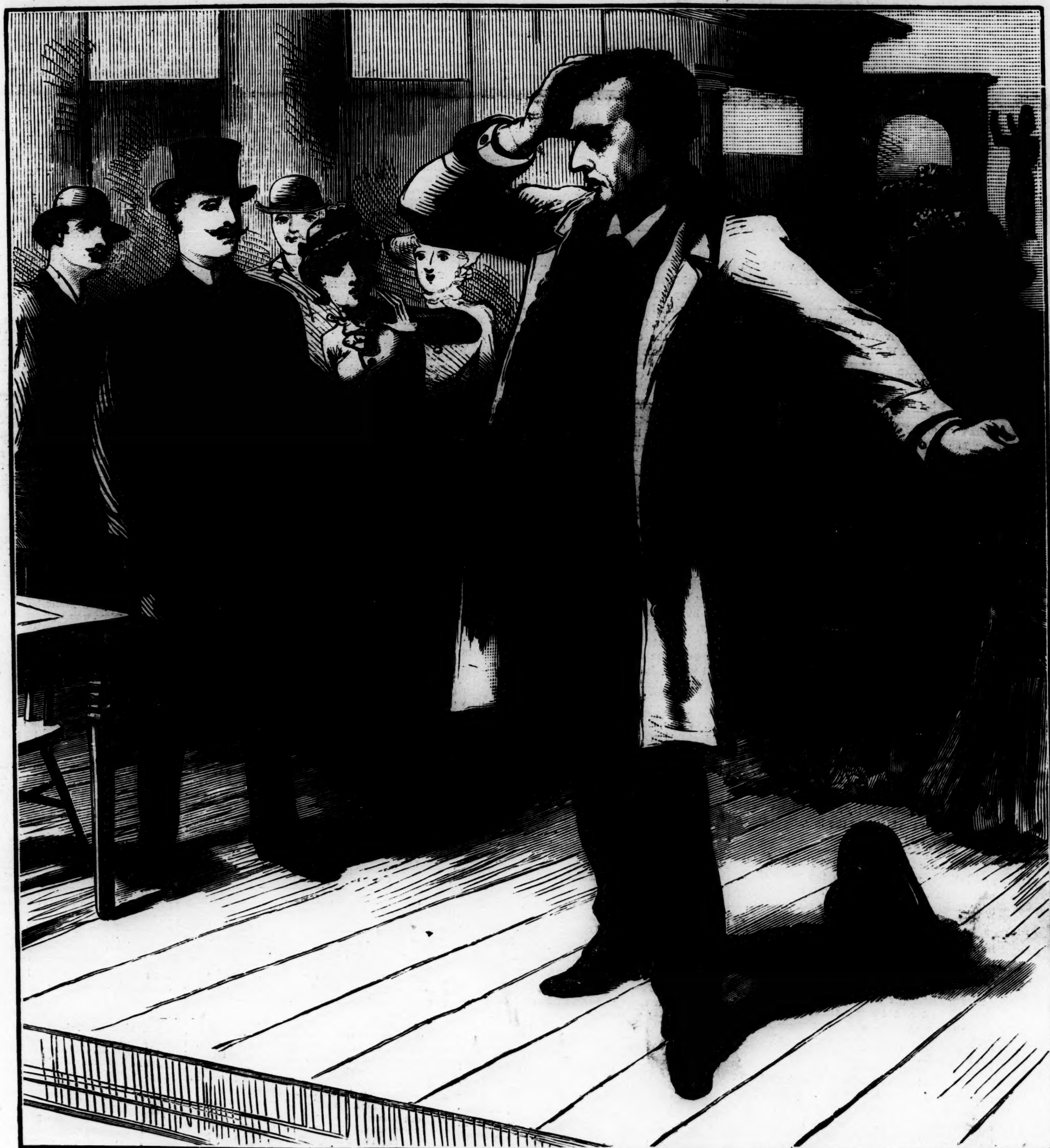
RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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HIS LAST REHEARSAL.

THE PATHETIC SCENE OF JOHN McCULLOUGH'S RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE AT McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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Beware of imitations. The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by Richard K. Fox.

THEY are called drummers because they are constantly on the beat.

BRYAN MCSWYNY says that this year his specialty will be canvass shoes.

THEY have what they call "potato-races" in Buffalo. We suppose that potato-races are run by "mashers."

IN Connecticut the coachmen are so afraid of being eloped with that they go into convents and become monks.

JAY GOULD and Bill Vanderbilt will both support St. John. They prefer water to anything else—in stocks.

A CYCLONE is said to be coming this way. It can't be John A. Stevens this time, because he is booked away West.

JOHN McCULLOUGH says he will not go to the Hot Springs. He says he has been in enough hot water with his managers.

THEY've found out who struck Billy Patterson. The fellow was a "ward-worker," and he struck William for "five cases."

LORD ROSSE is in New York. He owns the largest telescope in the world, and yet no interviewer has been able to draw him out.

THE theatrical season has so far been a terrific fizzle. Perhaps in time it will be almost as unprofitable to be an actor as an Italian railroad laborer.

A LUNATIC in Georgia beat a Justice the other day. In New York Justice is often beaten by men who are not, but only pretend to be, lunatics.

THERE have never been so many stout, hearty, well-dressed fellows on "strike" as there are this year. At least, that's what the political candidates say.

THE American Jockey Club agrees that Mr. Bergh's officers should not be assaulted in the discharge of their duty. The American Jockey Club has a level head.

If Pat Judge's father can be convicted of intimidating witnesses to try and get his villainous son out of the hands of the law, he ought to be sent up for a long period.

"An electric Kentuckian" has just turned up and is being paragonized by the press of his native State. Perhaps it lies in his head-gear, as most Kentuckians wear shocking hats.

THE parade of the Philadelphia police was an immense success. The Philadelphian "crooks" kindly took a day off from business so as not to disturb the harmony of the proceedings.

THE grasshopper has, according to its size, one hundred and twenty times the kicking power of an average man. But there isn't a grasshopper living that touches Eben Plympton as a kicker.

IN Georgia they've got the ranking grades of military titles down very fine. A major, for instance, takes a three-finger drink, and a colonel always four. Nearly all able-bodied Georgians are colonels.

MANAGERS of theatres, concert-halls, race-tracks, or places of amusement of any kind are respectfully requested to use the boot on any person attempting to dead-head their way on any card or badge purporting to come from the office of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE Baltimore Day says that the Bennett-Mackey cable was broken by icebergs. What with fire-bugs and ice-bugs, the bug family seems to be growing too influential "in our midst."

JUDGE DUFFY shows as much wisdom as pluck in rejecting political "influence," when it is exercised in behalf of thieves and toughs. The little Judge is making the right kind of record for himself.

To the astonishment of the civilized world a country jury in Illinois has decided that the killing of a Chicago Alderman is murder. The Common Council of Chicago, therefore, breathes more easily.

It's usually a good and successful play that authors quarrel over. Yet here's Donnarumma, the artist restaurateur, insisting that he wrote the "Artist's Daughter." It's a pretty grave burden to assume, it strikes us.

THE Scriptural story is that Jacob served Laban seven years for the hand of Rachel. But if the old man had kept a carriage and let Jacob in as coachman, the chances are that he would have made the raffle in six weeks.

THERE are so many American bank cashiers in Canada, and the demand for rye whisky is, in consequence, so large and vigorous, that two Kentucky distillers have decided to cheat their creditors and skip over the border.

WHY is it one so seldom hears of a doctor's taking advantage of the trustfulness of his female patients? Yet his temptation and his opportunities are certainly as great and as numerous as those of the average clergyman.

THEY've caught a party of girls in Chicago who call themselves "The Laundry Gang," and rob Chinamen after chloroforming them. The eldest girl in the "gang" is only fifteen years old. Chicago spends a good deal of money on foreign missions, too.

BEN MAGINLY goes starring shortly in an Irish play. The law, it seems, does not recognize this kind of suicide as criminal. It ought to be. Anyhow, the fact that he is going to make a tour of the country as an Irish comedian ought to vitiate an actor's life insurance.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL says that "the worship of the golden calf is as eager in our great cities as it ever was in Sinai." The honorable gentleman doesn't go to the theatre. One visit to "Sieba" would have shown him that the bald-heads go up to worship the sawdust article in preference to the golden one.

WE regret to learn that our friend, Billie Daniel, of near Gaylesville, was painfully injured by a kick from a mule on the 23d instant. He came to Centre to consult our doctors, and we hope to hear of his early recovery.—Cherokee (Ala.) Advertiser. The Alabama mule is an exceptionally intelligent animal.

JIM BENNETT sailed for Europe in the Fulda, but he didn't leave before he had put good, gray, old Joe Elliott on the retired list with a salary, to the end of his days, of \$5,000 a year. Some day the list of Bennett's real kindnesses will see daylight, and then a good many people will be thoroughly surprised.

THIS week's clerical scandal is the Rev. (?) Mr. Osman, charged with assaulting a six-year-old child in Bridgeport, Conn. He is even worse than Osman Digna, the Arab savage, who is murdering women and children in Egypt. Better death at the hands of the one Osman than rape at the hands of the other.

THE English Government has bought 3,000,000 pounds of Chicago corned beef. It is the dastardly intention of the Brits to present it to the Mahdi and his followers as a peace offering. Nobody who has eaten Chicago corned beef will read of this new dodge of perfidious Albion without a shudder of horror.

HUMAN nature don't change much. The people who hooted and jeered and ironically cheered poor John McCullough when he made his last appearance in Chicago were no different from those of Rome eighteen centuries ago, who turned their thumbs down and sealed the fate of the vanquished gladiator.

ATHLETIC sports don't make the worst paying business in the world, by a jugful. How is this for a resume of sporting men's fortunes: Edward Hanlan, \$50,000, rowing; Wallace Ross, Homer, Plasted and Teemer, each \$5,000 to \$10,000, same; John L. Sullivan, \$150,000, in slugging; Billy Madden, \$15,000, same; Joe Coburn, \$20,000, same; John Morrissey and Jem Mace made several fortunes, which they lost in gambling; Weston made \$30,000, pioneer pedestrian of the world; other pedestrians—Rowell, \$60,000; Ennis and Fitzgerald, \$15,000 each; Harding, \$7,000; Harriman, \$10,000; Duncan C. Ross cleared \$30,000 in wrestling matches.

CAUGHT THE EPIDEMIC.

The Wife of a New York Broker Elopes With His Business Partner.

[With Portraits.]

Pretty Mrs. Kate Davidson, who, it is alleged, quietly left her home in the Vienna Flats, 343 West Twenty-third street, with her husband's partner one night recently, was born in New Rochelle, Westchester county, thirty-five years ago. Her childhood's name was Queen Catherine Moon, and her home was in one of those grand, substantial old country seats, a few of which still dot the country villages here and there along the Sound.

At the age of twenty Miss Moon met a man somewhat her senior, and her fate at the same time. This gentleman was Mr. Stratford C. Davidson, of New York, and ere long the couple were united in marriage.

The young couple traveled somewhat extensively, passed a honeymoon of unalloyed happiness and entered upon the duties of life-conubial with the fairest of prospects. In process of time Mr. and Mrs. Davidson removed to New York, and Mr. Davidson went into the brokerage business, taking with him \$200,000 of the \$300,000, which constituted his wife's dowry left by her father, who died several years ago.

Three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Davidson rented apartments in the Vienna flats on Twenty-third street and fitted their rooms up in queenly style.

But the married life of Kate Davidson, as she was known to her friends, was not altogether untroubled. Her husband began to develop a fondness for dogs, and, her friends say, neglected his handsome wife. He also became unfortunate in business and lost the money which his wife and her mother had advanced to him. He came home but little, taking his meals at the rooms of the Union Club, of which he was a member.

About six weeks ago Mr. Davidson announced his intention of taking a trip to Europe, and his wife pleaded to be permitted to accompany him. He refused her, going alone. Soon afterward some one informed her that her husband had gone to England to buy a new bull-dog, and then Mrs. Davidson felt herself greatly wronged.

Before his departure her husband had taken into partnership a gentleman named Clayton E. Newbold, and the two engaged in the brokerage business in the Union Building. Mr. Newbold was a married man, good-looking, and, from repeated visits at his partner's house, he became enamored of pretty Mrs. Davidson, and the sentiment was reciprocated.

THE LAST REHEARSAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The breaking down of John McCullough, the stalwart tragedian, while fulfilling an engagement at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, although not unexpected by his most intimate friends, comes like a thunderbolt to many theatre-goers, who have always looked upon him as a specimen of robust manhood. There was a pathetic scene in the theatre on Wednesday, Oct. 1, when the members of the company, to humor McCullough, consented to rehearse "Richelieu," although they knew the management had declared the engagement at an end. Mr. McCullough himself insisted that he would continue to play, and so the rehearsal went on, for all his old associates were anxious to gratify his strange whim. He struggled through the lines of the part of the great Cardinal, now and then uttering sentences from "Virginius," the "Gladiator," and other favorite plays. At last he came to the scene, and there was a momentary gleam of his former fire as the splendid and powerful words fell from his lips. Some of the members of the company who were sitting in the parquet began to applaud, and touched by this sudden exhibition of sympathy the actor burst into tears. As he wept the fond illusion of power that he cherished seemed to fall away from him. Then the play went on, and Mr. Lane uttered a line descriptive of the Cardinal's breaking strength. McCullough looked at him in a sad, dazed way, and again there was a pause of the most painful embarrassment. Finally Mr. McCullough wandered from the part of Richelieu to that of Richard III., which he had seen played by Keene two nights before. Probably there is nothing more touching in the history of the stage than the fatality which induced the despondent actor to speak these infinitely sad lines from the fifth act of Shakespeare's play. They are from Richard's soliloquy after the awful apparitions on the battle-field, and when he was filled with the presentiment of his coming fate:

"I shall despair—there is no creature loves me;

And if I die, no soul will pity me!"

Before the rehearsal was over some one brought in from the front of the building the huge placards bearing the tragedian's name and likeness, and this incident was a shock to him. He realized then that his engagement was at an end, and he saw at last the full significance of the line addressed to him the night before, when his strength forsook him in the last scene of the "Gladiator." The words were in the play, but it was a strange coincidence that they should have been spoken at the very instant when John McCullough stood perhaps for the last time upon a stage:

"General, you are unfit for battle,
Come to your tent!"

W. JAMES.

[With Portrait.]

Prof. W. James, who is now teaching the manly art of self-defense in Altoona, Pa., has a good record both in this country and in England. He has appeared here only in glove contests, but in the old country he often shed his castor into the 24-foot ring and came out victor. He was born in London, Eng., April 6, 1854. He stands 5 feet 5 inches, and in condition weighs 110 pounds.

When only sixteen years old he was matched to fight Jim Coney, cousin to the renowned Jim McCormack, for £5 a side, and after fighting thirty-three rounds, in 2 hours and 10 minutes, won. He was next matched against Harry Simpson, of Clerkenwell, at 98 pounds. The fight came off at Hampstead, near London, in 1872, and was won by James. At Birmingham he met Tinker Aston for £20 a side, and won after fighting eighteen rounds in 1 hour and 15 minutes. He was next matched to fight Jack Swan, of Birmingham, at Burbury Park, near Birmingham, and won in seven rounds in 20 minutes. He also fought Frank Brown, of Birmingham, for £10 a side, and won in 65 minutes. Since his arrival in this country he has appeared with success in many glove contests, and gained a reputation as a teacher. There is a prospect of his being matched against Jack Williams, of Boston, at 112 pounds.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

A PHILADELPHIA woman swallowed a pin of kerosene with intent to commit suicide. She still lives. She forgot to swallow a lighted match.

YOUNG FARMER—"Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?" Miss Gusherton—"Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean this as a declaration, you must speak to mamma."

"How are you getting along?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Very well, thank you," was the reply. "I got my first case to-day." "Indeed! and what was it?" "A book-case."

A CALIFORNIA man claims to have seen an animal half dog and half alligator. We strongly suspect the same man saw two wives and two rolling-pins when he got home that evening.

WHEN a dry-goods dealer tells you that he can give you an inside figure on shawls, if the figure is plump and pretty you ought not to let a dollar or two stand in the way of making the purchase.

"Come, pretty maiden, come with me."

"Why should I come, good sir, with thee?"

"Why, I'm a coachman, manly and true."

"Ah, that settles it. I'll come with you."

"WILL you have salt on your eggs?" asked the hotel-waiter of the guest. "Oh, no, thanks; they are not at all fresh." Then the waiter went out to consult the landlord to see if the hotel had been insulted.

"I PRIDE myself on my descent," said a spinster of uncertain age, recently; "one of my ancestors came over with the Pilgrims." Then somebody cruelly asked: "Which one was it, your father or your mother?"

MR. SMITH (to Mrs. Parvina, who has been telling him about her new house)—"I suppose you will have dumb-waiters in the house?" Mrs. P.—"No, I shan't! I had a deaf cook once, and I vowed then never to have another crippled servant."

"MA, who is this coachman the papers are talking so much about, and abusing so? Is he running for President? I'm sure our coachman, Will, would make a good President; he's just lovely." In half an hour "Will" was running—for another job.

"EVER had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the East. "A cyclone! Oh, yes," said his aunt. "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago; but law! he couldn't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried."

THE average coachman, it would seem, instead of being a useful servant, is simply an Adonis, or, to use a popular phrase, a "masher." If the eloquent industry continues to flourish it is not unlikely that, like the Utes in Colorado, the coachman will have to go.

A TESTY old man went into his cellar with a handsome mug to draw some beer. He stumbled and fell over a box. His wife called out: "My dear, have you broken the mug?" Smarting with pain, he replied: "No; but I will." And he immediately dashed it against the wall.

"HAVE you given electricity a trial for your complaint, Mrs. Fisker?" asked a friend, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity?" said she. "Well, yes; I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer, and hove out of the window; but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

AN Irishman meeting an acquaintance accosted him thus: "Ah, my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to?—your old friend Patrick; faith, and he has grown so thin I hardly knew him. To be sure, you are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy young book-seller to a homely-dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble. "Well, here's an 'Essay on the Rearing of Calves,'" "That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee hadst better present to thy mother."

IT is said that a pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead. That depends. If a pound of feathers were to fall from a third-story window and alight upon a man's head, and five minutes afterward a pound of lead were to fall the same distance from above and strike him on the same spot, he would be willing to swear that the lead weighed a ton more than the feathers.

AN Irishman, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than he did to him, and that they should both fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk-mark, it was to go for nothing.

At a dinner given in England in honor of American Minister Lowell, he was introduced by the host as "one of the sages of the nineteenth century." The distinguished guest paid strict attention to a very toothsome fowl—a roast goose. After the dinner came speeches. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Lowell, who was called on, "what great change has taken place during this excellent meal? When we began this meal we had a goose stuffed with sage; now you see before you a sage stuffed with goose!"

THE deacon was uneasy. Near him, on the piazza of a Long Branch hotel, sat a dude from New York, with loudly-checkered suit, a silver-headed cane and a pronounced odor of patchouly. The deacon eyed the dude, shifted uneasily in his seat, and at length arose and said: "I guess I'll get to wind'ard. I tell ye," said he, suddenly addressing the dude, "I know what'll take that air smell out your clothes. You must bury 'em—bury 'em a month, an' then they'll be all right. Naow when I was a boy I lived in the country, an' one day I was goin' to school, an' I threw a stone at a little black kitten by the roadside. Jerusalem! but I never stoned a black kitten since. I reckon you run across one o' them critters this mornin', by the smell— Good gracious, where's the feller gone? Don't see what there was to get huffy about," he remarked, turning to the smiling crowd that had gathered round. "Guess he must ha' gone to bury his clothes."

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

Some of the Sad and Humiliating Realities of the Mimic World of the Stage.

Hester Gray is playing Amy Lee's part in "Siebe."

Almeida opens at the Fifth Avenue on December 15.

Ten variety theatres flourish, more or less, in this city.

Alfa Norman has made a big hit with the Carleton Opera Company.

Lulu Delmay has married a mulatto waiter. Lulu can't be accused of being off-color.

The Frohman Brothers are interested in twenty traveling and local companies.

Heinrich Conrard has left Niblo's and is awaiting the pleasure of Rudolph Aronson.

A Rochester gentleman has written a play in which he desires Gustavus Levick to star.

"Holl Gwynne" will be produced at the Casino the day after the Presidential election.

Most of the people belonging to the Royal British Baroque Company will return home.

Henry E. Abbey will arrive from England in a few days, but will only remain here a week.

Jessie Mansfield lives in France, and passes for a rich Cuban widow. She is known as the Flower de Few More.

Competent people say that the "Adamless Eden" company is very justly so-called, because it is not worth Adam.

"Cool Burgess" says this is his last season on the stage. It is a fearful blow, but we'll do the best we can to bear it.

The Frohmans are going to star Dick Mansfield. They insist that he shall have his brain tapped as a preliminary condition.

Minnie Maddern is "in." It is hard to say, however, which is really the mad "in"—Minnie or Howard Taylor who wrote "Caprice."

Gus Pitou has got a new play which he calls "An Arab Abduction." Let's hope that Gus has got the necessary "sand" to make it a go.

Roland Reed has achieved an immense hit in Fred. Ward's "Humbag." Good boys both, and everybody will be delighted to hear the news.

A. M. Palmer is a happy father. Little Miss Palmer is two weeks old, and her respected father says that on no account will she ever go upon the stage.

Camurran's adaptation of "Lieb und Kahl" was even worse than his other adaptations, and signally proved that as a playwright he is deeply beneath contempt.

There is only one "Corner Grocery" sketch on the road making money, and that is Dan Sully's. The rest are petering out in the most melancholy manner.

Elliott Barnes' old play, "The Blue and the Gray," is his new play "Ruth's Devotion." It is wonderful what a change of titles will effect in dramatic literature.

Alexander Dumas has written a new play. Fannie Davenport, Bertha Welby and Mme. Januschek all intend to be the sole owners of it before they get through.

How strange and sad it reads now: "Frank Chaffron will revive the play of 'Mose,' in which he made his greatest hit, at the Third Avenue theatre next season."

George Fourahirts Rowe is back again, and of course threatens a new epidemic of "comedy." It can't be avoided by any known process of disinfection or fumigation.

It is a droll comment on the "swell" dresses of the stage that their "Worth costumes from Paris" are made by the American Mme. Smith, of West Twenty-eighth street.

A dime museum manager in Flint, Michigan, was bitten in the hand by a large serpent. The unfortunate reptile died in a few minutes in the most appalling convulsions.

Mary Anderson's business at the London Lyceum is very, very queer. Abbey, who expected to make quite a good deal out of her a second time, is almost broken-hearted.

Jim Morrissey's latest venture in the sonnet line is a stained glass picture of Rhodys St. Cecilia. Jim figures modestly in the background as one of the attendant virgins.

Gus Levick is the next victim. It is announced that he intends to go starring in a play written by a Rochester gentleman. There will be a corner in eggs on Levick's route.

William Harris has purchased "Called Back" from T. H. Glenny, and will produce it at Richmond, Va., Oct. 12. This will be the first presentation of the play outside of New York.

Januschek's appeal to the public was written by A. C. Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler has had several aliases before, but this, we believe, is the first time he has hidden his identity in a petticoat.

Genevieve Ward has arrived in Melbourne. She received an enthusiastic reception, on the mistaken theory that she was the original Sphinx in an unexpectedly good state of preservation.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers is very ill at the Victoria Hotel. She used to be a very good, almost a great actress, in the early youth of the present generation. Actresses grow old fast—and never recover.

The sagacity of Manager Kelly has made Sitting Bull's engagement at the Eden Musee a tremendous "go." No theatre in town takes in as much money in three days as the Musee does in one.

Shed Shook has ceased to look upon the old Tom gin when it is white, and, in consequence, looks young and blooming. Jim Collier is quite envious of his youthful and distinguished partner.

M. B. Curtis has scored a big hit in spot cash. A good many small smart paragraphs love to hint that Curtis is an ignorant and mean man—whereas, in fact, he is a very generous and bright little fellow.

The Knights gave as their reason for not filling an engagement in York, Pennsylvania, that they had had some trouble with their treasurer. Probably he refused to lend them the price of their railroad pass.

Olara Morris having completely recovered from her spinal trouble is once more tearing melodrama up the back as a popular star. Her devoted husband and his inseparable tin teapot accompany her everywhere.

Janisch was a distinct fizzle—a dire and deadly frost, and all the penny-a-liners (only they cost something nearer a dollar than a penny) can't reverse the popular judgment. Sargent had better throw up his hands and own a defeat.

Elliott Barnes is so delighted with the success of the "Artist's Daughter," that he has had three dozen photographs taken in the borrowed seal skin overcoat, which has made such an impression in the pictures of him taken previously.

Ed. Kipper announces that he is on his way back to America. He also declares that he is writing four new plays. The universal prayer, therefore, is that Edward may never reach these dramatically-afflicted shores alive and kicking.

The young lady ushers at the Third Avenue theatre seem to be quite hurt that they are not flirted with and insulted. There is nothing a young and pretty woman resents so much as the indifference and silence of the male.

Belle Archer is playing in a piece called "Cellulose." Belle has had a good deal of experience with bachelors in her life, but to be the principal character in a play dealing with cellulose seems to be a good deal beyond her present line.

A pretty tough "comedy" performance is that of Professor Gillette, and a very bright, clever and genial fellow in the business management line is Mr. J. Vanderbilt Spader. To call a spade a spade and not a Spader, the real Jay is Professor Gillette.

Eric Bayley is making quite an impression in "Impulse." It is even better, however, that Bayley was never an officer in the Seventeenth Lancers. Officers in the Seventeenth Lancers are usually very particular where their capital comes from.

Laura Don, so it is announced, will soon marry a Spanish nobleman. He is a Spanish "fly" nobleman, and has been introduced to George Gould, who will give the bride away. Eight of Laura's ex-husbands and devotees will follow her to the altar.

Suffering Isaac! If the Holy Madison Square theatre hasn't "put up" a play in which a bold, bad man gets f—l, uses the word d—n, and hints that he's quite a fellow after the g—ls! The end of the world can't be very postponed after that!

Jim Williamson evidently cherishes a burning and bitter hatred of Australia. At least we are forced to that conclusion by the fact that although the Australians always treated him kindly, Jim talks of taking Ed. Kipper for a tour of the island continent.

The new "theatrical robbery" racket only involves a small sum. It is bad form for an actress to be bereft of more than \$20 at a time by the usual hotel thief. Perhaps the figures are put low because nowadays even \$20 is a fortune in the hands of an actress.

Gunter's D. A. M. Company went to pieces in Harrisburg, Pa., two weeks ago. It is to be hoped that this is the end of Gunter—one of the most objectionable, noisy, fatulent and incompetent pretenders to the name of playwright who ever "worked the joakins."

Eric Bayley is in a very nervous and timid condition for a fellow who used to be a full-fledged captain in her Majesty's Seventeenth Lancers. His "funk" is all the funnier when one learns that it is occasioned by news of Lillford Arthur's return to America.

The quarrel between Ellen and Henry Irving has been temporarily made up. Both the distinguished parties to the row saw that they would each lose by the other's opposition—and the great American dollar bill has once more been put to use as a court-plaster.

Helen Blythe is to go on the road under El. Clayburgh's management. Clayburgh is the handsome and quick-witted coming American manager who made his wife's reputation for her as Lillian Spencer, and who, in due time, will be running a successful theatre.

The frantic desire of a Providence audience to kill Gunter on sight as an explanation of D. A. M., was only restrained by a general doubt as to his mental condition. The next "play" he takes through New England, however, will insure his early and unattended decease.

Sammy Grau, who, hitherto, has been a perfect Jonah, seems to have experienced a change in the other direction with Almeida. "Ma'amsele," a compound comminuted dislocation of several farce comedies, has made an immense hit, and Sammy Grau is correspondingly happy.

Allice is raising her second crop of Oates in Snellbaker's Ideal Opera Company. People who saw her twenty years ago say she is just the same Allice Oates she was then. This is very interesting, but highly improbable intelligence. Allice usually doubles in weight and diameter every three years.

Charlie Chatterton, brother of Johnny Chatterton, otherwise known as Signor Perugini, has succeeded in collaring the maiden affections of Emma Nevada Wixon. Her pa, Dr. Wixon, protests on the ground that, being a cripple, Mr. Charles Perugini Chatterton hasn't any visible means of support.

Mrs. Langtry is to appear in London in conjunction with Charles Coghlan in the play of "Serge Panine." It will be remembered as the drama which was so formidable a failure at Daly's theatre a couple of years since. It must be much altered to prove acceptable even in London, where they stand a good deal.

Poor silly, addle-pated Villium 'Orace Linard! He announces that he will soon play the great American success, the "Rajah," in London. Villium 'Orace has been threatening to do this for some time—and he will be the worst left man in London when he carries out his threat. But then it's a threat he has made at least six times in two years.

Ned Thorne narrowly missed breaking a blood-vessel the other day. He read in a dramatic paper that "a few more actors on the stage of Mr. Thorne's scholarly temperament and highly-educated mentality would contribute greatly toward raising the intellectual position of the drama." It was obscure, but it was big taffy all the same.

The so-called "critics" are making many an honest penny this season, what with Januschek pamphlets and Janisch pronouncements, and Minnie Maddern rhapsodies. Meanwhile the honest men of the newspapers look on open-mouthed. "Criticism" is a safe and profitable trade if you only know how to carry it on and collect your money.

The Eden Musee is backed by no less a person than "Lucky" Baldwin. Baldwin's profits at present come entirely from the Sitting Bull engagement whereof W. W. Kelly is the manager. Kelly's brains make money for other people—but, contrary to the usual rule in such cases made and provided, he also makes money for himself incidentally.

John A. Stevens has positively retired from the management of the New Park theatre. He took his twelve pictures away with him, and the local atmosphere is less lurid in consequence. Unless he gets knocked out by a rival tornado, John intends to play havoc with the wild West mostly. He has another play in his trunk almost equal to "Unknown."

Mary Anderson's "hit" in London is entirely one of "shape." The newspapers declare that as an artist she is a pitiful disappointment. But everybody admits that, as an American curiosity, "Ham" Griffin is simply worth twice the price of admission to his gifted stepdaughter's show. "Ham," by the way, has not visited Germany yet for fear of the stringent laws which refer to the American bog.

If a bright, faithful, genial and accomplished business manager be all that is necessary to make the new Lyceum a phenomenal triumph, its future is already established—for the Frohmans have engaged Wesley Sison, late of the Madison Square, to be the general manager of the new enterprise. Sison is as clever as he is modest, which is a very unusual thing.

Lillian Clives Clark is still clinging on to life with her finger-nails. She interrupted a performance of "Her Atonement" at the Jamestown opera house in order to be seen by the audience in the act of presenting a bouquet to one of the performers.

Lillian, by the way, who, taking it into her head that Clara Morris owes her success to opium, has tackled the bounding hypodermic with rapturous enthusiasm these late years.

It is hard to get hold of a column of theatrical news, nowadays, without discovering that Howe & Hummell are conducting a libel suit for this artist, a divorce case for that and a copyright litigation for the other. There are no two more industrious theatrical lawyers in the business than Howe & Hummell, and litigation among actors and authors would be worse than dull without them.

Kate Forsythe, who is, to put it mildly, quite as much responsible for John McCullough's condition as any other woman on the stage, has given no signs of grief or regret. On the other hand, Helen Tracy, whom McCullough treated very badly, and who had every reason to remember him with feelings of indignation and resentment, faithfully and loyally stood by him in his sad extremity.

Old H. H. D'Arcy, Bertha Welby's manager, got married last week. His first wife was Ethel Lynton, who has had several husbands since she shook him. One of the bridemaids was the ancient and infirm, but always fascinating Martha O'Reilly Cutter-Welby herself. She behaved wonderfully well, considering her advanced age and debility. Contrary to report, Miss Welby has not lost all her faculties but is in quite a nice state of preservation.

"Those who have read Nelson Wheatcroft's new society drama, in which Adeline Stanhope will star, speak very highly of the piece, and predict its success. The play will be produced at the close of the season of 1884-5, when Mr. Wheatcroft's professional duties will allow him to direct the rehearsals. We understand Mr. Wheatcroft is considering offers from several managers to back the venture."—Contributed by Nelson Wheatcroft, Esq.

What a Godsend the celebrated Russell family must be to the transatlantic steamship lines! They are always going to Europe or coming back from Europe or buying their tickets either one way or the other. Last week "Tommy Russell and Mrs. Russell (mother of Annie and Marion) returned from England." Next week the paragraph will take another shape and read "Tommy Russell, accompanied by Mrs. Russell (mother of Annie and Marion Russell) will sail for Liverpool on the 14th of —."

Mr. George M. Ciprico denies that he ever was a barber. There is a George M. Ciprico in San Francisco whose father was a barber before him, and who used to practice the art of easy shaving—at a quarter a shave—on his own account. This barber, Ciprico, is an alleged playwright and a good deal of a crank generally. If our protesting correspondent is not that Ciprico he must be an altogether different Ciprico—albeit we strongly suspect that the ex-barber and the man who says he never was a barber are one and the same person.

The Frohman boys ought to and will succeed. A good many biped jackasses have ascribed the cordiality with which they are spoken of in the newspapers to the unhallowed influence of a certain number of ten-dollar bills. Rubbish! No newspaper man who gets to know the Frohmans and understands their sensible way of doing things can fail to admire their sagacity and enterprise. For example, next season they are not going to waste their money on "wall paper," but are going to put it in newspaper advertising. They argue with great wisdom that the only announcement of a play that really attracts people is that which they see in their daily journals. Surely there isn't any great wonder in the fact that newspaper men who know them like them.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, VALUABLE IN INDIGESTION. Dr. DANIEL T. NELSON, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, profligacy in overworked men."

JACK BLAKELY.

THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE AND A STRANGE RECEPTION.

Tick, tick, tick! Tick, tick, tick! It was the click of the telegraph instrument.

The operator who was taking the message wrote it out mechanically as the words came over the wire without thought as to their sense or meaning.

When the signal came to "close" he shut off the wire, and, leaning back in his chair, he put his hands behind his head and gazed at the ceiling with a listless, tired air.

"By the Lord! that's a queer sort of a message, though," he muttered to himself, after a few minutes.

Then he picked up the message and read it. It was as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2, 188—.

"To William Tuggs. — Bleeker Street, New York: 'Shoot the hat. Blivens blocked. Gobble the wire kid—tap the ticker and queer chief. Pretty Poll split. Blunt safe if moll nipped—"

"Sol."

"Well, that's too much for me," the operator said, as he handed the paper on which he had taken off the message to the boy whose duty it was to copy it before it was sent to the delivery department to be re-written in proper form on the regular blanks.

"Some stock affair, I suppose, or some quiet little operation in wheat. These cipher messages are awfully puzzling."

The message was copied and with others handed to the delivery clerk.

"First!"

This brought to his feet a young lad who had been sitting on a bench in the rear of the room, with some other boys.

He was a bright young fellow, possessing an open, honest face, and a clear bright eye. He was tall for his age, which was a little over fifteen, and his frame was well put together, indicating a strength beyond his years.

His name was Jack Blakely—a genuine New York boy, born and brought up in the city, by respectable parents, but not rich enough to continue his education after he had graduated from the public school, and so he had found employment in the Western Union Telegraph office where at the opening of our story he had been for over a year.

Having been found trustworthy, honest, quick and reliable, he had been gradually promoted, until he was the "boss" boy of the office.

"Oh, it's you, Jack, eh! You're in luck, you can deliver the message on your way home. It's seven o'clock. You need not return unless there's an answer."

"All right, sir. Thank you, sir. Good night," and putting the message in his receipt-book, after reading the address, he skipped up the steps and went at a brisk walk up Broadway, pausing at the windows of the shops and saloons occasionally, to look at the gayly-colored lithographs representing scenes from the various plays then before the public.

Jack, like most boys—in fact, all boys—was fond of the theatre, and out of the "tips" he received from merchants and others for his promptness, was able to indulge his taste, limiting himself, however, to two nights a week, for Jack saved his money, intending some day to start for himself in some small business which required more energy and hard work than capital.

"Harrigan & Hart's to-night!" he said to himself. "The new piece there's a stunner! I'll just have time to get my supper and get a front seat in the family circle."

But Messrs. Harrigan & Hart's treasury was not to be enriched by Jack's contribution that night, as we shall see.

However, as he was utterly ignorant of the obstacles that would mar his plans, Jack began to whistle one of Dave Braham's most popular songs, and went on his way more quickly, only treating himself to a passing glance at the windows until he reached Bleeker street, into which he turned and soon found the number of the house where his errand was to be performed.

"This must be the house," he thought to himself. "But it's a queer-looking crib."

And so it was, being a house which had seen better days—in the times when Bleeker street was one of the fashionable quarters of the city. Its aristocratic owner had gone up town, and the once-elegant mansion had gradually gone down in the social scale from bad to worse, until now it was let out to any one able to pay the rent in advance, but who would have been puzzled to give "references."

A beer-shop of forbidding aspect was in the basement, and a laundry on the first floor.

The high steps leading to the front door were broken and covered with filth, and the iron railings, which were once on either side, had been broken off. The door, which hung by one hinge, was fastened back against the wall by a brick, and the hallway was dark, dirty and full of foul smells.

"I wonder where Mr. William Tuggs hangs out?" Jack said to himself, and by way of informing himself, he entered the laundry, where two or three Chinamen were ironing.

"Do you know where I can find William Tuggs?" Jack asked.

"You got washee. Gib tickee, eh?"

"No. I want to find William Tuggs."

"No tickee—no washee. You hab tickee?"

"Arrah, don't be bothering wid that haythen Chinese!" exclaimed a big, brawny Irishwoman, who had just come up the steps and had heard Jack's question. "A devil a haporth does one of them haythens know bod tickee and washee. The rat-ating devils. Are you looking for Mr. Tuggs?"

"Yes. I've got a message for him."

For the continuation of this exciting story, read No. 80 of the *Week's Doings*, out October 12, and full of interesting and sensational reading matter, handsomely and profusely illustrated, together with sporting, theatrical and social news and gossip. Price 5 cents. A great paper for all classes, with a column specially devoted to the boys of America.

If you cannot get it from your newsmen send for copy to the publication office, Franklin Square, New York.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MISS FANNY BEANE.

[Photo by Hall m.]

Fanny Beane.

Miss Fanny Beane is the daughter of George Beane, who achieved distinction in the character of *Pantalone* in pantomime. She first came into prominence at the Olympic theatre, where she appeared as *Columbine* during the late Geo. L. Fox's inimitable performance of "Humpty Dumpty." She devoted some time to appearing in pantomime and then branched off into the variety business, in which, in connection with her partner, Mr. Chas. Gilday, she has met with great success. She is a bright and clever little lady, with auburn hair, and her experience as a pantomimist and dancer add much to her grace of action and the agility of her pretty feet. She and her partner present an attractive act, and are always in demand at the best variety theatres.

THOMAS C. TOLER,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,
POLICE.

that, in many cases, the laundry of the Mongolian is a mere "cover" for other and less legitimate business, and the chief has had his eye upon several of those places.

Acting upon the knowledge gained in former tours of inspection, at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 5, Chief Bell, accompanied only by two citizens, went to the laundry at the northeast corner of Mulberry and Mechanic streets, kept by Hop Gee. The chief, leaving his friends on the sidewalk, entered the place, and discovered a party of Chinese gambling. Drawing his revolver he ordered all present to remain seated, and sent one of his friends to the station-house for the reserve.

Upon the arrival of the officers from the station-house, Chief Bell procured a clothesline with which he tied in a long row the two dozen inmates of the house, and thus fettered they were marched to the station-house.

THE maxim, "Creep before you run," must have originated with a darkey on a melon patch.

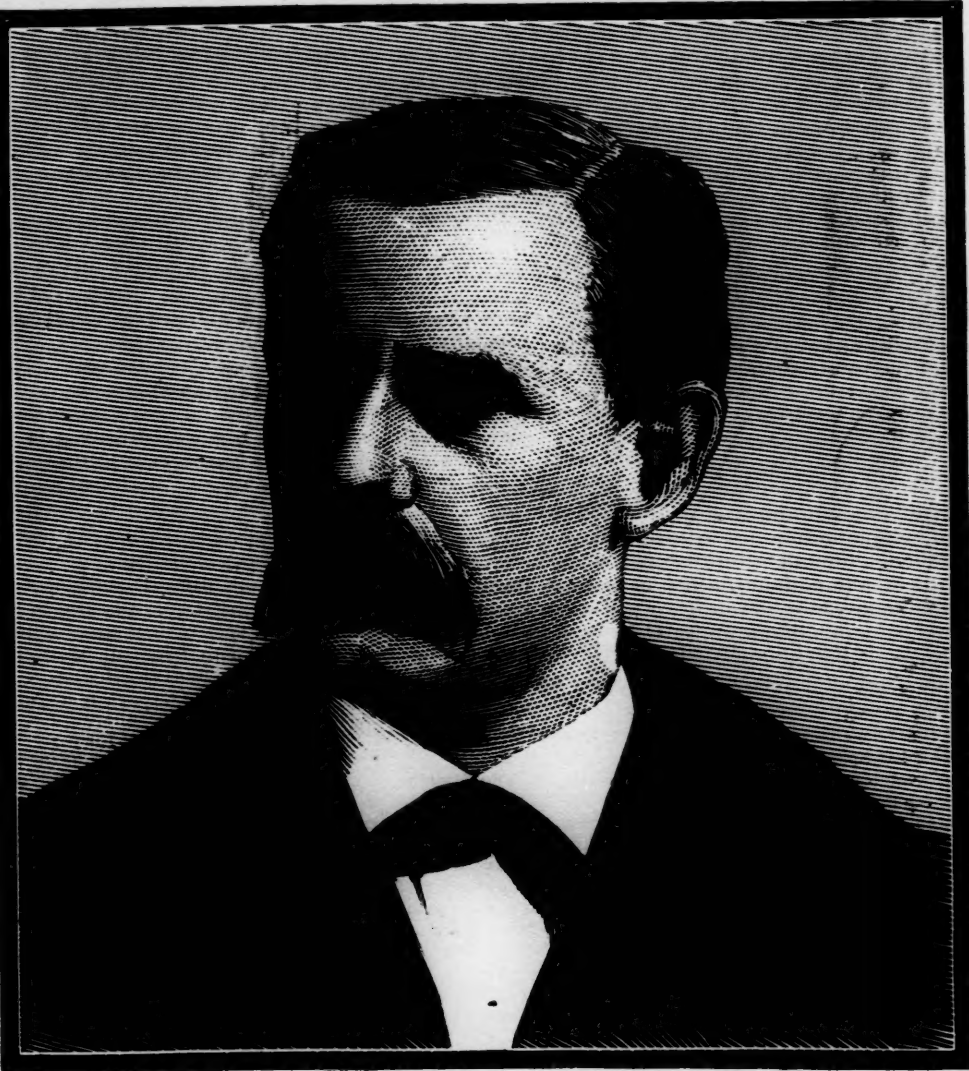
Roping in the Chinese.

For a very long time Chief Bell, of Newark, N. J., and other police officials have been aware

CLAYTON E. NEWBOLD,
ACCUSED OF HAVING RUN AWAY WITH MRS.
DAVIDSON, HIS BUSINESS PARTNER'S WIFE.MRS. KATE DAVIDSON,
THE WIFE OF A NEW YORK BROKER, WHO
CAUGHT THE ELOPEMENT FEVER.

ROPING IN THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

HOW THE POLICE OF NEWARK, N. J., MARCHED A GANG OF MOON-EYED MONGOLIAN GAMBLERS TO THE COOLER.



MAJOR EDWARD TYNAN,

A GALLANT SOLDIER OF THE LATE WAR, WHO DIED WHILE SERVING AS CAPTAIN ON THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.

A Man's Best Friend.

Policeman Carter, of the Fifth street station, brought Charles Gresh into the Jefferson Market Court the other morning. The prisoner led an enormous mastiff by a chain. The mastiff and prisoner appeared to be very much attached to each other, and the court officers permitted the prisoner to keep the animal by his side when he was arraigned before Justice Rellly.

Policeman Carter told the Court that he found the prisoner lying drunk upon Avenue A at 1 o'clock with the mastiff standing guard over him.

"I tried to get at the man to wake him up, but the brute would not allow me to come near him at first, and it was not until I deposited my club upon the sidewalk that I was permitted to touch the man. When I set him upon his feet the mastiff appeared to re-

gard me as a friend, and I had no difficulty in getting him to the station-house."

The man and dog were discharged upon the payment of \$5 fine.

Major Edward Tynan.

Police Captain Edward Tynan died at a quarter to two o'clock on the morning of Oct. 8 at his residence, No. 140 East Nineteenth street, of typhoid malaria. Deceased was born Nov. 30, 1811, in the City of Hudson, Columbia county, New York State. He served through the whole of the late war, going out as a private in the One Hundred and Forty-first New York and returning with the rank of major. On March 5, 1867, he was appointed on the police force and was detailed to the Seventeenth precinct, in which he remained until promoted to roundsman on March 7, 1868. August 30, 1870, he was promoted to the position of sergeant, and March 19, 1872, was made captain and assigned to the

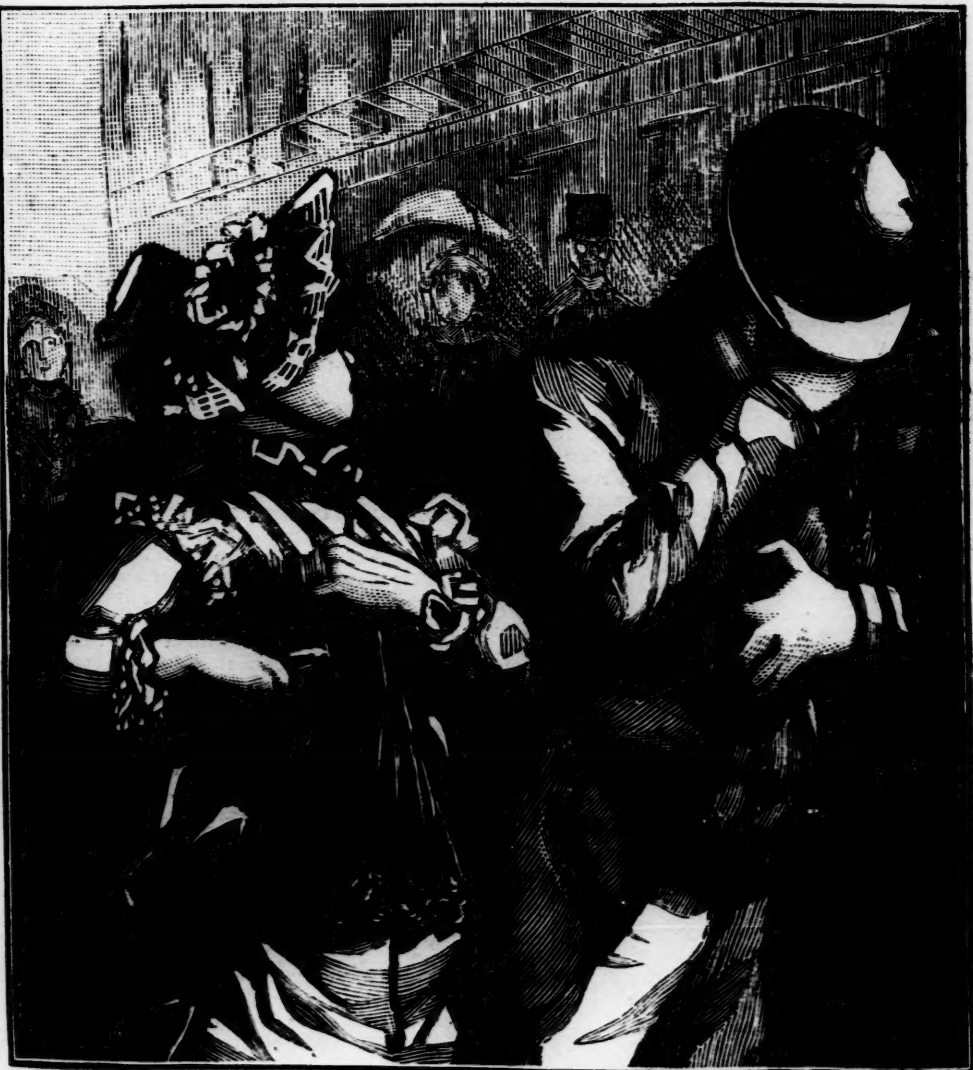


RIDING WITH A LUNATIC.

MR. WILLIAM BURN'S UNCOMFORTABLE EXPERIENCE WITH A CRANK WHO INSISTED ON A FREE RIDE, AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

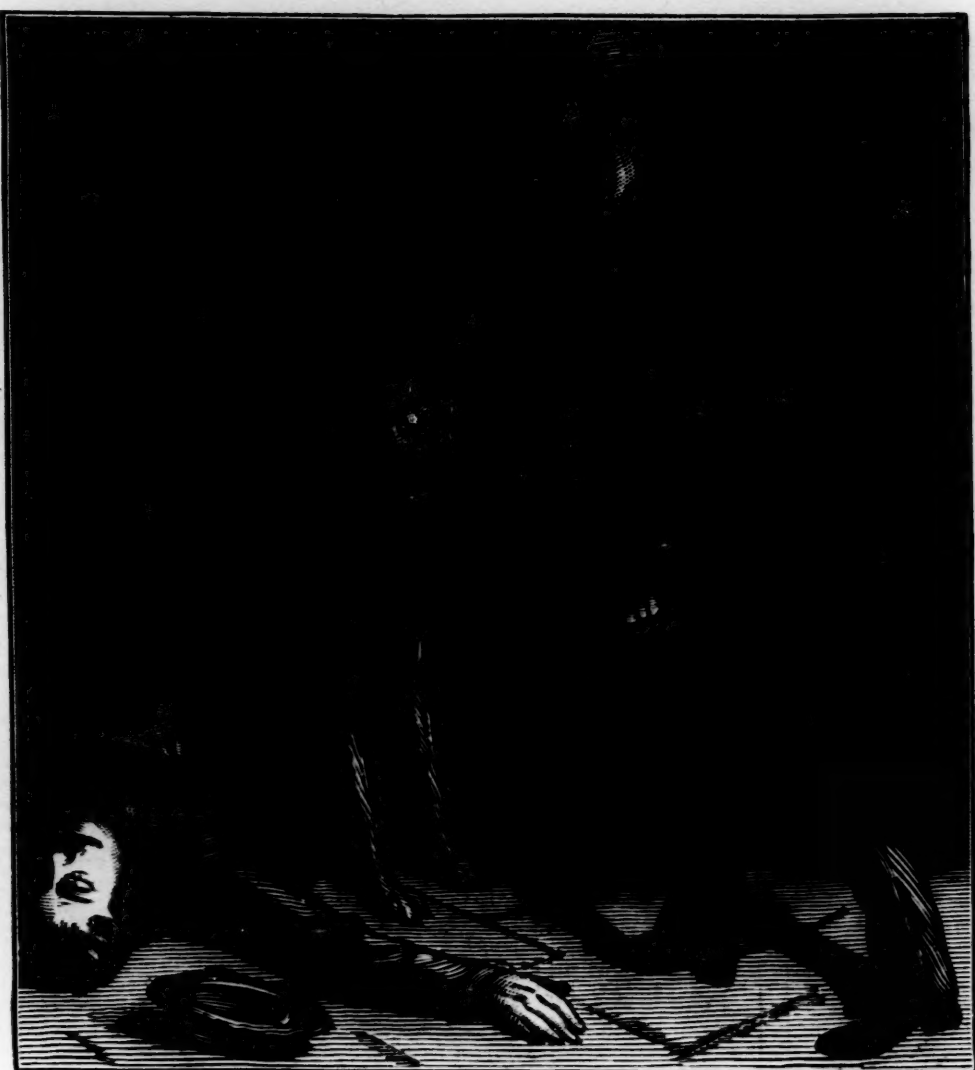
Tenth precinct (Eldridge street station). Since then Capt. Tynan has been in command of the Fifth, Thirty-first, Seventeenth and Sixteenth precincts, and was in command of the Fourth

precinct, in which he has been for the past five years, at the time of his death. He was a man of courteous and kindly instincts. His widow is the daughter of the late Police Capt. Walsh.



A RED-HOT LOVE POTION.

HOW A FORSAKEN DAMSEL ATTEMPTED TO REGAIN THE AFFECTION OF A RECREANT LOVER BY USING A MAGIC LIQUID WHICH PROVED TO BE VITRIOL.



A MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

HOW A FAITHFUL MASTIFF GUARDED HIS DRUNKEN MASTER AND ASSISTED AN OFFICER IN TAKING HIM TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

A Few of the Minor and More Humorous Happenings of the Week.

Last week the POLICE GAZETTE alluded, in this column, to the extraordinary tendency of the Italians of New York to contract early marriages. Since that article was printed, three or four new cases have occurred to illustrate the ease and coolness with which our unaccustomed fellow-citizens violate the marriage-laws of the State of New York.

THE ITALIAN CHILD-MOTHER.

The natural result of precocious wedlock among the Italians is precocious motherhood. A little girl not more than thirteen years old, trudged past the POLICE GAZETTE office the other day, barefooted and hunch-backed. A baby almost as big as herself sprawled



over her shoulder and played with her coil of luxuriant hair. It was her own child—born to her at a period when other little girls are going to school and as ignorant of the functions and responsibilities of maternity as they are of the Pandects of Justinian.

Twelve days ago two men and six dogs entered the Grand Central Depot. Those familiar with the men of the day at once recognized the pair as John Gallagher, the sedate sergeant of the Fifth street police, and his bosom friend, Hugh Cummings, of First avenue. Their faces were wreathed in smiles as they sauntered up to the ticket-box.

"We're going to Connecticut. Give us the pasteboards," said the sergeant, as he plunked a \$20 gold piece on the ledge.

"Now, I'm footin' this part of the entertainment," said Cummings, as he matched the sergeant's double eagle.

"What part of Connecticut?" mildly inquired the ticket-seller.

"Don't care," said Cummings. "So long as it's wild and desolate and's got some woods and a river or two."

"Now I'll tell you," chimed in the sergeant, in a burst of confidence. "We're in for a couple of weeks' hunting, and as Connecticut's about the only State we ain't already killed something in, we thought we'd kinder like to try our luck there. So if you'll just hand out some cards that'll plant us where there's a few ducks and some deer and a smattering of quail or an alligator or two and a bear if possible, them's just the tickets we'd like to pay for."

"I see; you want to go to the eastern part of the northern end of the center of the State, just a trifle to the south," said the agent, as he passed out a pair of \$5 tickets. The huntsmen started off to superintend the transfer of two rifles, a pair of double-barreled shot-guns, a keg of powder, four bags of shot and a couple of hundredweight of miscellaneous ammunition, knives, revolvers, etc., from the express wagon standing outside the door of a freight-car.

TAKING A HORN.

Neither fur nor feather did either of them bring back, and the only token they had of their trip was a cow's horn, shot by the sergeant off an animal which Hugh forced him to believe was a deer. The beast otherwise escaped without injury, and the horn is to be placed in the station museum along with safe-picks,



jimmies and other such trophies left behind by burglars, who, like the cow, did not wait to pick them up.

Near First avenue and Sixth street the Connecticut sportsmen met Sergeant Williams, also of the Seventeenth precinct. He had a pretty heavy bag slung over his shoulder and carried a gun under his arm. The bag contained a pair of red-head ducks, a mallard and black duck, three railbirds and a brace of snipe.

"Why, where have you been?" asked the nutmeg gunners.

"Oh, just had a little run through the swamps over in Jersey," replied the sergeant, as he passed on.

The two glanced inquiringly at one another, and by an instinct which was mutual moved toward the Tompkins Market. When seen later, on the way to their respective residences, they were loaded down

with different kinds of game. The reporter called at the market an hour later, and found that there had been an unusual run on wild fowl during the evening.



THEY HAD BEEN THERE.

About three months since Mr. George Benson, who is only twenty-three years of age, built the saloon at the junction of Pearl street and New Bowery. It was fitted up in great style, the facade being especially handsome. This stood out three feet from the saloon, and was of mahogany, the doors being of fancy glass. Next door to the saloon is the butcher-store of Mr. James Kirby, who opposed the building of the facade long before it was begun, and when the matter was still in contemplation.

When the permit was asked for he opposed it, and since that time has made frequent visits to the offices of the Inspector of Buildings and Bureau of Incumbrances, asking that it be taken down, and holding that it shut out the light and air from his store, made his meat stale, and prevented people from seeing his place until they were almost opposite it.

THE INCUMBRANCE IS REMOVED.

Mingling in picturesque confusion amidst the ruins of a once-glorious free lunch, in Pearl street, that evening, lay numerous splinters of mahogany wood, pieces of glass, bits of plaster and a heterogeneous collection of nails, corks, etc. Overturned tables and chairs were heaped up near by, while against the handsomely-papered wall rested about half a dozen glass doors, all cracked and broken. The gas chandeliers, which were still intact, threw their light boldly far out into both New Bowery and Pearl street, for the doors that had once kept the police from peering in were no more.

At a little after 12 o'clock a number of men from the Department of Incumbrances and Obstructions called at the saloon and informed Mr. Benson that it was their unpleasant duty to tear down the handsome glass and mahogany fronts of the place facing the two streets near the junction of which the place is. Then they got to work. In two minutes the place looked like an animated menagerie with all the animals let loose at once, and a crowd stood about the doors urging on the vandals. The men from the Bureau lost no time in knocking things down generally and carrying them



off to their truck in waiting, while Mr. Benson and his barkeepers proceeded to break and smash every piece that was taken away, and to rescue everything that the other side didn't get hold of.

In his excitement, Mr. Benson bought a glass of his own whisky, but perceiving his mistake, refused either to drink or pay for it. For almost four hours the work of destruction went on, and when the men finally called a halt, it was seen that the saloon had got the best of it, having recovered at least three-fourths of the woodwork, all of the dirt and debris, and at least a barrelful of ground and cracked glass. All of the free lunch had been preserved, but it was not excessively appetizing, and the bologna and salad had been mixed up with the tomatoes.

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

On Sept. 15 it was announced from San Francisco that an unknown man and woman had been found dead near San Bruno, each with a bullet-hole in the head. In the man's pocket was a card with the name "J. L. Reynolds" on it. James L. Reynolds lived with his mother and stepfather in Newark, N. J. He studied law in Cortlandt Parker's office. Three years ago he went to San Francisco and got a clerkship. He was handsome and of pleasing address, and seemed to be prospering. His mother was intending to join him when the news of his violent death came. There is much mystery about the affair, but these facts have been learned:

Reynolds hired a team on Sept. 12 and drove to San Bruno, and spent the night with a young woman at a hotel there. The couple had been there before. Two days later they went away, but came again in the afternoon. They went to their room and ordered absinthe. The servant who brought it heard the woman say to Reynolds:

"I wonder if we'll turn black when we're dead." She wanted the servant to take a drink, adding: "It may be the last with us."

That evening two shots were heard in the room. The door was opened and the couple were found dead on the bed, their heads pierced with bullet-holes. In the man's right hand was a revolver. His head lay upon her breast. The woman was Mrs. Mary McCabe, aged twenty-two, who had for two years been separated from her husband. She was a pretty brunette. She was buried from her parents' residence in San Francisco. They said they always supposed she was living a good life, and her acquaintance with Reynolds must have been brief. The common belief that he killed the woman and himself is not shared by a few who think the shooting was done by a jealous rival of Reynolds.

SPORTING SCENES.

Some of the Late Humorous and Exciting Incidents on Track and Turf.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sporting world contributed quite a good deal of variety last week to the picturesque department of journalism. Our first sketch shows Mr. Bergh's special officer, Evans, in the act of stopping Jim McGowan from starting for a steeplechase at Jerome Park, on the ground that he had a sore back. He found the horse near the starting-point and ordered the saddle taken off. During some discussion which followed this action, information was conveyed to the judges' stand, then occupied by Messrs. Withers and Munson, and they promptly ordered the regular police under Inspector Dilks to arrest Officer Evans, which they did, amid the derisive shouts and jeers of many in the crowd present. Those who saw the horse unsaddled said that the horse's back was sore. The affair, however, is certain to bring on a conflict between Mr. Bergh and the Jockey Club, which the former has long been on the lookout for a chance to bring about, claiming that horses are often cruelly treated, both on the flat and in steeplechases, which the Jockey Club have combated, saying he had no jurisdiction at Jerome Park.

Our second sketch illustrates the bar-room brawl with which the English bicyclists, Howell and Sellers, wound up their American tour.

In the third sketch, the incident is illustrated of the attack of the French mob on the English jockey, Sharpe, at the Longchamps races. On Oct. 5, they pulled him off his horse, and, while on the ground, kicked and beat him. The horse was also injured by blows from sticks, stones and umbrellas. Sharpe was carried into the weighing enclosure in a critical condition.

A violent riot followed, the mob breaking into the enclosure. At this point the soldiers on duty were compelled to guard the place from the infuriated crowd, one of whom was seized by three jockeys and only escaped lynching by the intervention of the police. The jockeys had already stripped the fellow's clothes off, and were about to hang him.

The weighing-room was besieged by the rioters for half an hour. Another English jockey was maltreated, and narrowly escaped in a cab.

Our fourth illustration is of the arrest of the Dead-Head Hill, signal-man at Jerome Park, who was charged with collecting a crowd by bawling out the names of the winning horses in the interest of the book-makers.

Our fifth sketch shows a bad runaway on the Philadelphia track, and our sixth, the desperate game of lacrosse played at Montreal by the Shamrocks and Torontos.

A WASHER FROM SYRACUSE.

Miss Harris, a friend of Jennie Sherman, the young girl who eloped from Syracuse, N. Y., with a young printer named Ferguson, and who were followed to New York by the girl's father, has surrendered a letter which she received from Jennie, who is in New York. When Miss Harris heard that Jennie's father had employed detectives to watch the New York Post-office, in the hope of catching his daughter, she telegraphed to Jennie advising her not to go after her letters. The letter which Miss Harris surrendered reads as follows:

"Have not had a very pleasant time here of late. I am not stopping at the house of Mrs. Shannon now. I could not stay there at all, it was so dirty. I stayed there from Saturday till Tuesday and could not stay there any longer. I did not have any words with her at all. I went away Tuesday morning. I made a mash and he was a stunner. He was a young fellow traveling for his health, which was very poor. The next day I went to Central Park and a fellow was riding in one of these nice rigs—you know, one of those high-toned rigs, with a 'nigger' behind. He asked me if I wanted to ride, and I told him that I did. So he stopped, and I went riding in the park. It was lovely. I wish you were here. It is lonely without you."

"I read it in the World about my going away from home. If I had the paper I would send it to you. This afternoon I am going for work if I can get any here. It is quite hard. Write me all the news from home and how my folks take it. I have no money to send you: all I have is a few cents. It costs like fury to live in New York. I am in a hurry now, and cannot write more at present. I am going to the Star theatre; they want some girls there at present. I can't write any more now, at all. Give my love to all my friends."

"Yours in trouble, JENNIE"

A BOSS SWINDLER.

An audacious swindle, whereby a confiding Boston millionaire has been relieved of \$30,000, has been exposed. The victim is Ira T. Litchfield, and the alleged swindler is one Charles H. Foster. In 1873, Foster was sent to State Prison for playing a confidence game to the tune of \$70,000 on an old gentleman named Chadwick. He was pardoned out, however, in 1877, and went into the livery business. Mr. Litchfield was worth \$2,000,000 when he first made his acquaintance. They formed a copartnership, to which Litchfield contributed money and Foster experience. This was in 1877 or 1878. Foster is alleged by the police to have stocked the stable with blooded horses and fine equipages, for all of which Litchfield paid hard cash. During the continuance of the partnership he bought 198 horses, carriages, etc., of which Mr. Litchfield now holds a bill of sale. He holds nothing else, however, for Foster has gone, and nothing is left but the walls of the barn. The horses and carriages have all been mortgaged first, and then sold, and, in addition, Mr. Litchfield has been duped into paying his partner for a lot of new turnouts which the latter pretended to have purchased. The total amount of Foster's booty is said to be \$30,000.

JERSEY CATCHES ON.

Jersey City has added another to the list of elopements, the parties being a Mrs. Hall, of No. 3 Corbin avenue, and Henry Odell, of the same place. Mrs. Hall appears to have been a woman who loved not wisely but promiscuously. Her husband is an engineer on the steamer Lampassos, of the New York and Galveston Line. When Hall returned from one of his trips about six months ago he learned that his wife had formed a rather intimate acquaintance with two policemen. To remove

her from temptation he changed his residence and went to board with Odell and his wife. They had not been there long before Mrs. Odell began to suspect that her husband was unduly intimate with the new boarder. Odell denied the charge, but his wife continued to watch, and soon had her suspicions more than confirmed. When Hall returned she informed him of what she had seen, and a day or two after he surprised the guilty pair in a compromising situation.

That night Odell and Mrs. Hall disappeared and have not since been seen. Mrs. Hall leaves three children behind her. Odell also has three children. His wife has commenced proceedings for divorce. Hall, it is understood, had done the same thing before he sent Mrs. Hall to board with the Odells, as he has never lived there with her.

THE BUZZARD GANG AGAIN.

At a meeting of the Board of Inspectors of the Lancaster, Pa., County Jail, held a few days ago, a letter written by one of the convicts was submitted, disclosing a desperate plan to raid the jail there. In a few weeks Joe Buzzard, a brother of Abe Buzzard, leader of the Welsh Mountain gang, of which Joe is a member; Billy Weider and Diller Clark, all long-term convicts, will be released, their term being then at an end. Knowing this, Eli Heiney, a member of the same gang, recently sentenced to a long term, induced a cell-mate named Spangler, whose term will also shortly expire, to write a letter, he himself being unable to write. Spangler wrote the letter, which is addressed to Abe and Joe Buzzard, but afterward "weakened" and gave it over to Deputy Keeper Stauffer.

The letter gives a list of names of people on the mountain whom Heiney wants the Buzzards to visit and induce to swear that Detective Bartholomew, of Philadelphia, who caused Heiney's arrest, had told them that he swore falsely against the writer and that he did it to make money. This, he thinks, will release him legally, after which he promises to join the boys in a raid on the jail to release Ike Buzzard and other desperadoes of the gang now confined there. The plan of the raid, which was not committed to paper, was also disclosed by Spangler. After the convicts, whose terms are about to expire, should be released, they were to visit Abe Buzzard, handcuff him, and taking him to the gate of the Lancaster county prison late at night, claim that they had captured the outlaw. The gates open, Buzzard's friends were to rush in, overpower and gag the night-watchmen, there being only two, and possessing themselves of the keys release their associates in crime and make a general jail delivery. The plan so opportunely disclosed was a very feasible one, as constables from the country frequently deliver prisoners late at night. Heiney also told Spangler of a place where wagon-loads of stolen goods are hidden—High Rock cave, a secluded spot on the mountain three miles east of Ephrata.

ROUTING THE TRAMPS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The peaceful residents of the neighborhood of Rye and Portchester, N. Y., have been lately living in fear of a gang of tramps who had taken up their quarters in the rocks near the New York & New Haven Railroad. They have provided about nights committing all sorts of petty depredations, such as robbing hen-roosts and cellars, terrifying women, frightening children and threatening men who refused to feed them. A party of them had established a regular camp on ground belonging to Mr. W. D. Beck, proprietor of the Rye Beach Hotel, believing that that genial host would take no steps to dispossess them. But complaints were made to the authorities by some of the timid citizens, and one day last week Constables Stillwell and Gaffney made a raid on the vagabonds. In the camp were cooking utensils, dishes, knives and ax, some old pieces of bed-clothing, a pile of straw and some boards placed over the cave-shaped rocks to keep the rain off.

The tramps thought they would have a little fun with the police, and a lively scrimmage ensued, the constables being aided by some worthy citizens. After a rough-and-tumble fight, four of the tramps were arrested and have been provided with winter quarters at White Plains.

FEARFUL VENGEANCE.

A frightful tragedy took place at Newaysa, Mich., on Oct. 5. Abia J. Armstrong had a good-looking wife and a two-year-old child. For a few weeks a boarder named George Bates, from Big Rapids, had been observed to have an intimacy with Mrs. Armstrong which ought not to exist except between married parties. This excited suspicion, and the husband resolved to watch the parties and see if there was any improper intimacy. He found the two in his wife's bedroom together. Mrs. Armstrong told Bates to go and get a revolver, when they would finish her husband. He grabbed the sleeping child and started for the revolver. Armstrong seized an ax, and his wife grappled with him. As he swung the ax back his blade struck her in the throat and her head was nearly severed. He then went down stairs and met Bates coming up with the revolver. Bates chased him toward the outside door, when Armstrong turned and struck him a terrible blow across the side of the head, felling him. The murderer appeared crazed by excitement, for he went to the Prosecuting Attorney's office and demanded a warrant for Bates. When the officers went to the house both Bates and Mrs. Armstrong were found dead on the floor and the little child was lying in the blood of the two victims.

A STEP FROM STARVATION TO RICHES.

In St. Louis, Mo., a Canadian, Louis P. Alhman, residing in a room at 325 Spruce street, was the happiest man last night. To a reporter he said: "I was out of work and money. I borrowed \$1 from the barkeeper at DeVota's saloon, on Fourth street, and bought a fifth of ticket No. 70,468, in the Sept. 9th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. My family ran out of food, and I offered the ticket for fifteen cents—no one would buy. When I received the drawing-list, and found I had drawn \$15,000, my wife and brothers who had scolded me, immediately recognized my ability, and congratulated me heartily. I once sold a ticket in this same lottery, after paying \$1 for it, six years ago, for \$3, and it drew \$5,000 the next day."—St. Louis (Mo.) Republican, Sept. 18.

THE CRAZE OF THE DAY.

Alarming Spread of the Elopement Fever.

Maids and Matrons All Over the Land Skipping Off With their Affinities.

Oh, Victoria! Oh, Erney! What you two have to answer for. Ever since you skipped from Youkers an epidemic has infested the land, more or less due to the infection of your billing and cooing.

Miss Ella E. Hubbard, youngest daughter of ex-Gov. Richard D. Hubbard, deceased, who some four years ago ran off to Springfield, Mass., with Frederick Sheppard, her father's coachman, inspired by the Morosini-Schelling affair, made another break in the same direction on Sept. 25, and was again married. The bridegroom in this case was Clark Smedley, an expressman of New Haven.

While the ceremony was being performed a number of coachmen and hack-drivers testified their interest in the affair by assembling in front of the house and trying to glean the particulars of the case. Their special interest was due to the fact of their friendship for Sheppard, the former coachman of the Hubbard family and now the divorced husband of the bride.

After the clandestine marriage with Sheppard, the coachman, the ex-Governor refused to be reconciled. He cared less for the obscure character of Sheppard than for the fact that his prettiest and best-loved daughter had deceived him. Her dissimulation cut him to the heart. He refused to see his daughter and would not permit her to return to his house. Mrs. Hubbard, however, assisted the daughter, and soon after the marriage Sheppard and his wife went to New Haven to live. There the ex-coachman set up a lively stable. His young and pretty wife, however, could not settle down and be contented as a lively stable keeper's wife. She drove a pony phaeton about the city a great deal, and soon attracted the admiration of students and other gentlemen of leisure. People began to talk of her indiscretion, and finally the husband became jealous, a quarrel ensued, and soon after that a divorce was obtained by the wife.

On Monday, Sept. 22, Chas. F. Kennedy eloped from St. Louis with the wife of a man named Ballou. The husband followed the pair to Alton, where a fight occurred between him and Kennedy, and both were locked up. Kennedy was released and found Mrs. Ballou waiting for him. The pair immediately resumed their journey. The injured husband still languishes in jail, unable to pay \$5 and costs. Ballou is a driver on the Olive street car line in St. Louis. He says that he put his wife on the car just ahead of the one he was driving on Saturday afternoon, having given her \$15 with which to pay the rent of the house they were living in. She did not return that evening and he began a search for her. On Monday he learned through an employee of a large jewelry firm that she had run away with Kennedy. Kennedy had telegraphed from Alton to this friend at the jeweler's for money. Ballou took the telegram and answered it himself, saying that he would be in Alton that evening, and signed the friend's name to the answer. It was in this way that the two men came together and fought.

On the trial a remarkable state of affairs was revealed. Ballou declared that the woman was his wife, and to support it produced a marriage certificate showing that Charles Ballou was married to Mamie Bartlett on Sept. 27, 1879, by Justice Spies, in South St. Louis. Mrs. Ballou, however, declared that on that date, before the same Justice, she was united in marriage to some one else, whose name she refused to divulge. She said she did not live with her husband very long, but went to live with Ballou, and, to make it appear legal, at his request she erased her husband's name in the marriage certificate and inserted that of Ballou. Her story appears to be correct, as the certificate shows that it has been tampered with, and Ballou's name is written in a cramped hand, evidently intended to be similar to the rest of the certificate.

The woman is young and quite pretty. She has brown eyes and an almost babyish face. She was dressed in a close-fitting black suit, with black turban hat, and has borne herself with a quiet, modest demeanor. She says she don't love Ballou any more, and that she intends to live with Kennedy.

Charles Bassett, son of a poor widow, and Mrs. Lida Weaver, widow of Thomas B. Weaver, eloped from Urbana, Ohio, on Sept. 27. Bassett is a boyish-looking youth of twenty, earning a small salary as clerk in a retail shoe store. He has no property nor expectations. Mrs. Weaver is forty, but a commanding beauty: tall, straight, well rounded in figure, black eyes and hair, and expressive countenance. During Mr. Weaver's life she had all she desired in the way of dress and personal adornments, and her good taste gave her the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in Urbana. Bassett gave out that he was going to Illinois to visit friends. He took the train to Westville, near by, where Mrs. Weaver met him in a carriage. Dismissing her carriage, another was procured to take them to Pequa, where they took the train.

On Wednesday Sept. 10, Mrs. Lida Bennett, wife of Mr. Britton M. Bennett, of Seaport, N. J., eloped with Thomas Wells, who had been boarding with the family for some time past. An intimacy had existed between Wells and Mrs. Bennett for some little time, it appears, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on the part of the husband. Wells left Sea Plain on Tuesday evening, stating to Mr. Bennett that he was going to New York in search of employment. Mrs. Bennett acted strangely on that evening, which was noticed by her husband, who attributed it to an attack of nervous headache, of which she complained, and from which cause she made it appear that she was unable to prepare his breakfast. Mr. Bennett got breakfast ready and then called his wife, who partook of a portion with him, and, after the usual farewell kiss, he departed to his work. It is supposed that his wife took a train shortly after he left, and that she met Wells, according to appointment, at some place on the road between Spring Lake and New York. She took with her everything of value that she could carry. Wells' trunk (which he took with him), it is supposed was well filled with wearing apparel, silverware, etc. No cause is assigned for Mrs. Bennett's rash act, as it is said the couple have lived happily together since their marriage, eleven years ago. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Bennett, who, it is stated, gave his wife all his earnings, and some time ago, at her solicitation, transferred to her a deed of his property. He will at once apply for a divorce.

On Oct. 1 Troy caught the coachman's fever. In

this case the bride was Miss Emma Simmons, the adopted daughter of William J. Simmons, a retired knit-goods manufacturer, and the husband William B. Bartholomew, who has been employed as coachman by Mr. Simmons for a few months. Mr. Simmons resides in a handsome villa near the Oakwood Cemetery, but is out of town much of the time.

Miss Simmons is the niece of her adopted father, and she was regarded as his heiress. She was frequently thrown in Bartholomew's company, and they became deeply attached to one another. After the Morosini elopement that case was frequently the subject of discussion between the pair. To use Bartholomew's language:

"We laughed over it at first, but finally it occurred to me that it was about the proper caper."

Frank Hopper, a barber, went to Newburgh from New York a short time ago to work in the shop of Philip Schneider. He soon made the acquaintance of Frances, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Julius Hoffman, proprietor of the City Hotel. Frances, though young, is well-developed and handsome, and the acquaintance soon ripened into love. The parents of the girl opposed Hopper's attention. About a month ago Hopper removed to Cornwall, six miles distant, and opened a barbershop. He came to Newburgh several times to see the girl, but was coldly received by her parents. On Sept. 30 Frances was missing from home.

The girl's father went to Cornwall and there found the girl in company with Hopper. He induced her to return home with him and warned Hopper never to again cross the threshold of his house. After the arrival home of father and daughter cross-questioning revealed facts which made the late father change his mind. In consequence he made another trip to Cornwall and visited Hopper, the result of which will be a wedding ceremony.

Finding that Miss Simmons was willing, Bartholomew decided to get married. Accordingly on Friday evening the couple went to the parsonage of the Lutheran Church and were married by the Rev. Mr. Belderbecke, and then returned home as though nothing had happened. Then Mrs. Bartholomew made arrangements to leave home, intending to go the following week, but the secret leaking out she hurriedly completed her arrangements, and left the next day for Petersburg, where her father, a well-to-do farmer, resides.

Before her departure Mrs. Bartholomew told her grandmother what she had done. Mr. Simmons learned of the marriage the next evening. Bartholomew says he will stay and face the music. The opinion prevails that he will find plenty of it. Mrs. Bartholomew is nineteen years old, of medium height, plump figure and pretty face and well educated. Bartholomew is a good-looking fellow of thirty years.

James Villeneuve, a son of J. O. Villeneuve, the Mayor of St. John Baptiste, Can., helped himself to \$1,400 out of his father's safe on Oct. 3, and eloped to the United States with a handsome young girl named Emma Lemaire, belonging to Quebec. United States detectives were telegraphed to at once, and the honeymoon was interrupted at Troy, N. Y., where the couple were arrested. On refunding what money remained Villeneuve was released. The young lady, however, was sent home.

CAPT. TOLER, OF THE HOT SPRINGS, ARK., POLICE.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a good likeness of Thomas C. Toler, the plucky Chief of Police of Hot Springs, Ark., who lately committed a justifiable homicide by shooting Ed. Howell, a well-known and dangerous character.

The tragedy occurred in front of the Opera House, on Sept. 17. Howell had been drinking to excess during the afternoon. He was, as usual when drunk, vindictive and menacing toward everybody. But his most intense ire appeared directed at Chief Toler, whom he abused and cursed. He was armed with a revolver, and in the most positive manner swore he would kill Toler. He also left a gun in the Opera House. These and various other threats were communicated to the chief by reliable citizens, who cautioned him to be on his guard, insisting that Howell would kill him. Toler determined to secure the weapon left at the saloon.

He went up and demanded the gun as an officer, and the bartender promptly gave it up. Toler asked him what Howell had said, and he repeated in full the threats made against the chief. Toler then started back down town, but as he stepped upon the sidewalk Howell approached, when the chief fired upon him. Howell was near the door of the saloon when the shot was fired, and ran in and through to the rear room, where he fell and immediately expired. The entire charge of buckshot passed through his right arm, literally shattering it to pieces from near the elbow to near the shoulder, and passing into his right side, below the armpit, produced instant death.

Chief Toler promptly surrendered himself to the sheriff, and the coroner's jury, after thoroughly investigating the affair, brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

RIDING WITH A LUNATIC.

[Subject of Illustration.]

William Bunn, an employee of the Pompey House, near Syracuse, hitched a horse to a carriage and started for a farm near the East Avenue Driving Park. At a street corner near the edge of the city a man sprang from behind a tree, jumped into the wagon, and, placing a revolver at Bunn's head, demanded the reins, which were handed to him. He lashed the horse into a run, still covering Bunn with the weapon, and threatening to shoot him if he stirred. The man guided the horse toward Thompson's Landing, on the Erie Canal, and thence drove to Messina Springs, which is four miles east of the city, making the distance in less than half an hour, the horse running all the way, and the wagon thumping about fearfully. From the man's actions and words, Bunn saw that he was insane. He asserted that he was pursued by a band from Buffalo Bill's gang of showmen, who were there recently, and who had demanded \$10,000 of him and would kill him unless it was paid. At Messina Springs he turned the horse toward the city, and again urged the terrified animal to a breakneck pace. At the corner of James and Lodi streets the lunatic sprang from the wagon, which passed over him. Still flourishing his revolver, he jumped up and disappeared down the street. Bunn drove into the city, and officers were sent out to search for the companion of his thrilling ride. They found him dragging himself about with a broken leg. He was recognized as William T. Denison, and was taken to an hospital. Denison is a hard drinker, and his insanity is due to alcohol.

"SIEBA" AT THE STAR THEATRE.

Kirally Brothers' Latest and Most Gorgeous Spectacle.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Star theatre, which was last season the chosen abode of Henry Irving, Lawrence Barrett, Mme. Janauschek and other tragic stars, has this year been turned over to the nimble caperings of coryphees, the glitter and spangle of premieres, the moving scenes and melting music of a genuine spectacle under the direction of the Kirally Brothers, already famed for such productions. The story of the piece is as follows:

In early legendary times Surtur, an evil spirit, furious at his rejection by Sieba, of whom he was enamored, cursed her seven brothers and transformed them into seven ravens. Sieba prayed that they might be restored, and Savanta, a good fairy, interceded for her and secured for her a promise of their restoration on condition that Sieba should keep silent during seven years, and should during that time weave for them seven garments. The play opens at the end of the sixth year. During this period of time Sieba has been living in the hollow of a tree, silently fulfilling her task. Prince Harold while hunting encounters Sieba in a wood. He falls in love with her and she with him.

In the second act, Ruperta, Harold's affianced, indignant at his action, declares war against him. Sieba continues silent. The forces of Ruperta and Prince Harold meet in battle. It is fought vigorously, but the Prince's forces are overthrown and he is made a prisoner.

Ruperta decrees that Harold be burned alive in presence of Sieba, in order that his sufferings may unlock her tongue. Sieba remains silent, and Savanta unfolds to her vision a sight of Paradise which is to be her reward.

In the fourth and last act, Ruperta has condemned Sieba to suffer death on a charge of witchcraft. At that moment Savanta appears. The seven years have expired. The good spirit Savanta has triumphed, has confounded Surtur, and has transformed the seven ravens into seven men. Sieba's first words are those of love for Harold and are followed by a festal celebration.

The scenes represented in our illustrations include the very popular battle of the amazons clad—to the extent the stage amazons are ever clad—in brightly scintillating armor. Another is a picture less voluptuous, but assuredly not less interesting—the first meeting of the brave prince of legendary lore, Harold, with Sieba, the heroine of the story, who in a forest heavy with snow, is seen in the hollow of an oak weaving garments for seven brothers turned for the nonce into fluttering black ravens, and under the ban of the demon of ill. A third shows the unique courtship of a fraudulent monk, one Nicodemus, with Puck, a sprite whose disguises are many and startling. In another picture Nicodemus is found announcing to a bevy of village gossips his hapless and reluctant marriage with a "feminine destiny" he has exhausted every means to avoid. The remaining picture is a genre ballet tableau, full of terpsichorean grace and movement.

A TRAGEDY IN A DIVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"I'll kill you yet!" shouted a man to a woman who stood in front of the Belmont saloon at 6 o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 4. He turned and hurried down Chatham street and the woman entered the saloon. The Belmont is a concert-saloon.

About 6:30 o'clock the man walked quickly up Chatham street. He went into the saloon and sat down at a table behind the screen.

"Come here!" he sharply called to one of the waiter-girls.

The one addressed approached him. Then he arose from the table, put a pistol to her head and fired. As the report rang out the woman fell to the floor. A number of other girls in the place screamed and ran out as the man pointed the pistol at his head. There was another report, and the man lay gasping on the floor.

Roundsman Joyce, hearing the pistol-shot, hurried to the place and found a man lying dead on the floor. In a little room back of the saloon was a woman stretched out on a lounge. A number of women were around her.

"She's not dead," one of them said to Roundsman Joyce. "She swooned from fright."

An investigation showed the woman to be uninjured. When she had sufficiently recovered to walk, she was taken to the Elizabeth street police station, supported on either side by two waiter-girls, and followed by an eager crowd. At the station-house the woman who was shot at gave her name as Emma Storch. She said she was twenty-three years old, and came to America three years ago from Hamburg. The name of the man, she said, was Daniel Ort, a native of Holland, and thirty-two years old. Emma Storch is a very pretty brunette. She wore a black straw hat and had a gossamer cloak thrown over her shoulders. She said that the dead man was the eldest son of a rich Holland family, and that she had lived with him for two years, but was not married to him. Ort, she said, was married and divorced in Holland. His child is living there now with his mother. During the two years they were living together Emma Storch was employed as a waitress in concert-saloons. She was in the habit of giving her earnings to Ort, and he would go to Coney Island and lose the money on the races. They lived at No. 1 Canal street. Ort had several times threatened to kill her, and she said she had twice taken pistols from him and hid them to prevent him from carrying out his threat. He would often scold her because she did not bring him more money. The only work Ort ever did while they lived together was when he, not long ago, entered the employ of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. He became involved in some trouble with the company soon after going into its employ, and it took all the money she had to get him out of it.

He then lived off of the unfortunate woman, but recently the demands for money became so frequent that she determined to leave him. She went away in spite of his threats and took rooms on Forsyth street. The day she left she gave him \$12.50 to go to the races with.

At 6 o'clock on the day of the tragedy he went into the Belmont saloon, where Emma worked, and told her he was starving. He said he had no money and was about to be dispossessed, as he could not pay the rent. Ort, she says, begged her to give him some money. She had a \$5 bill and did not want to give it all to him, so she put him off. When Emma Storch refused him the money he became frantic with rage

and struck her. They were both put out of the saloon. On the sidewalk he begged and threatened until she got the bill changed and gave him \$2. Instead of paying his rent he went to a pawnshop on Chatham street and bought a cheap revolver. With this he returned to the saloon at sat down at a table. He called Emma up to him. She went and stood beside him. Ort pulled out the revolver, pointed it in her face and fired. She saw the flash, thought she was wounded, and fell in a faint. As she fell she heard another shot. When she came to she was lying on a lounge in a back room, and Ort was dead.

J. H. McCORMICK.

[With Portrait.]

This young turfman was born at Belleville, N. J., in 1854. He took very early to racing, and for the last fifteen years has been most active in riding and training horses. He began with Thomas Puyar, who has looked out for Mr. P. Lorillard's stable in England. After six years' service with the latter he worked for Lewis Stewart, who at present has charge of Appleby & Johnston's stable at Long Branch, N. J. After riding several successful races for these gentlemen he went to A. D. Brown, of Maryland, to become assistant trainer and rider to John Elghland, who was then in charge of the stable. While in this position he rode some excellent races on the horse Problem. Later we find young McCormick with the Dwyer Brothers helping the great James Rowe to care for the lucky stable of racers and also to ride their jumping races, and while in this dangerous sport the plucky rider was very badly hurt—in fact so seriously that he has never rode in a race since. After this accident he devoted his entire time to the training of horses, and for two seasons he trained for the late William Engeman, among whose flyers we may mention Baton Rouge, Jericho, Miss Malloy, Malleine, Ventilator and Katie P. Then the young trainer went with M. C. Daly, of Hartford, Conn. But for the last two years he has conducted a public stable at Brighton Beach race-track, in which he has been very successful. Last season he trained the hurdle-racer Buster, that ran the quickest jumping race on record, at a mile and a half and a mile and a quarter. He also had Major Wheeler, who beat the great jumper, Jim McGowan, at Jerome Park, and Glenlinden, a four-year-old by Glangarry, that won the Coney Island stakes. This year young McCormick's string of racers are in a fine condition, especially Tonawanda, Kitty H., Charlie Epps, Maggie E., Ingomar, Jim Cleman and Harolin.

A RED-HOT LOVE POTION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Annie Van Reld, a young woman living at No. 1,236 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, is charged with assault on Henry Myers, a member of the liquor firm of A. & H. Myers, on Third street, near Race. The assault occurred on last Friday night, at Eighth and Spring Garden streets, where Myers alleges that Miss Van Reld approached him, and, without warning, threw the contents of a bottle of vitriol over him. He tried to dodge the liquid, but received it all on the back part of his neck and shoulders. He is badly burned.

The girl's story is somewhat different. She states that for six years past Myers has been paying court to her. A short time ago they had a quarrel and he left in a dudgeon. From that time on she neither saw nor heard from him. She learned, however, that he was shortly to marry a girl living in the upper part of the city. This excited her jealousy, and she says she consulted a fortune-teller, whose address she has forgotten, in order to learn how to regain his love. After hearing her story the soothsayer gave her the vial of liquid, the nature of which the girl was ignorant of, and told her that if she could get a little on his lips the old love would return and he would instantly become her faithful and constant lover again.

"I took it home," she continued, "little thinking what it was, and sent him a note asking him to meet me at Eighth street and Fairmount avenue on Tuesday night. When I got there I found him waiting for me. We walked down the street together. I endeavored to win back his affections, but without success, and at Spring Garden street I tried to throw the fluid in his face. I had no idea what it was, or I would not have done it."

FANNY ELSSLER DYING.

Fanny Elsler is dying in Vienna. Fanny Elsler is the daughter of Johann Elsler, who was known in his time as the amannensis and companion of Haydn, the composer. She was born in Vienna June 23, 1810, appeared very early in a juvenile ballet, and in 1817 was engaged at a leading Viennese theatre. In 1825 she went with her mother to Naples to study the higher arts of ballet-dancing. Her first triumphs were won with her sister in Berlin, 1830. Her beauty, amiability and skill instantaneously won the hearts of her audiences in Germany, Italy, Russia and England. In 1840-42 she exhibited her art in America, and in 1848 established herself in St. Petersburg. On June 21, 1851, she bade farewell to the stage in Vienna, where she had lived since 1854. Her histrionic and pantomimic talent was quite as remarkable as her grace, simplicity and skill as a dancer. Her sister died in 1878.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

Mr. Jno. D. Briggs, who has been the cashier of the L. & N. Freight Office at Evansville, Ind., for eleven years, has left that city, and upon examination it was found that his accounts were about \$3,000 short.

He is about twenty-five years old; 5 feet 6 inches high; red complexion; smooth face; large nose, red on the end; sunburn hair; large gray eyes; deep dimple on the chin; large lips; large regular teeth; small hands and feet; very large ears. He has an India ink mark near the thumb and finger of the right hand, and was dressed in coarse clothes.

A reward of \$500 will be given for his arrest, and any one furnishing information of his whereabouts will be suitably rewarded. All information should be sent to Frank Pritchett, Superintendent of Police, Evansville, Ind.

EMIL VOSS.

[With Portrait.]

Emil Voss, the champion wrestler of Germany, was born in Stettin, North Germany, and is twenty-five years of age, stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 210 pounds. He came to New York about two months ago. He is a wonderful wrestler in the German and Swiss styles. He is open to wrestle any man living for \$500 or \$1,000, and will give any man in America \$500 that can lift as great a weight. Among his feats are lifting a bar of iron weighing 500 pounds with one hand and a millstone weighing 500 pounds with one finger.



SPORTING SCENES.

SOME OF THE CURIOUS AND OUT-OF-THE-WAY INCIDENTS OF THE OPEN-AIR DIVERSIONS OF THE WEEK.

I.—Mr. Bergh's Man Interrupts a Race at Jerome Park. II.—Howell and Sellers, the English Bicyclists, Quarrel in a Boston Bar-Room. III.—The Peril of an English Jockey at the Longchamps Races in France. IV.—Pulled on Dead-Head Hill. V.—A Bad Break. VI.—A Vigorous Game of Lacrosse.



THE TRAMPS MUST GO.

A LIVELY SKIRMISH BETWEEN WESTCHESTER COUNTY CONSTABLES AND A BAND OF VAGABONDS WHO THOUGHT THEY OWNED THE EARTH.



A TRAGEDY IN A DIVE.

THE SUICIDE OF A WORTHLESS PARASITE AFTER ATTEMPTING TO KILL A PRETTY WAITER GIRL IN THE BELMONICO SALOON, CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK—WITH VIEW OF THE SALOON AND PORTRAITS.

[From Photographs and Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists]

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Merry Men-at-Arms, and Their Doings, Past, Present and Future.

A prize fight took place on Sept. 23, at Denver, Col., between Tom Warren, of Denver, and William Burns, of England, about four miles from the city, for a purse of \$50. Warren was seconded by George Clow, brother of the champion of Colorado; Burns was seconded by one Davis. Promptly at 9 o'clock both men stepped into the ring, Warren weighing 112 pounds and Burns 128 pounds. For the first few rounds it looked as if the Englishman would have a walk over, but the little feather weight was only saving his wind, and in the last six rounds he went at his man like a Sullivan and hammered him all over the floor. In the tenth round Warren knocked his man completely out, winning the money and the feather-weight championship of Colorado.

Arrangements were made at the "Police Gazette" office on Oct. 7 for the glove contest between Mike Donovan, the ex-champion middle weight, and Walter Watson, the English pugilist, who recently defeated Prof. Wm. C. McClellan Gas Tullish, the backer of Watson, and Harry Martin, of Brooklyn, the backer of Donovan, met and decided that the contest should be decided at Turn Hall, East Fourth street, in this city, on Friday, Oct. 17. The pugilists are to box six rounds, according to Revised Queensberry rules, for \$200. The winner to receive sixty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. Richard K. Fox was selected final stakeholder. All the money has been posted. Brooklyn sporting men are confident of Donovan's ability, and it is understood that they are willing to increase the stakes. Watson will be put in the best possible condition by Alf. Powers, the well-known trainer, while Donovan, who is a veteran in the business, will prepare himself for the struggle.

The glove contest between Joe Denning, the well-known pugilist of Williamsburgh, and Prof. Henry Neubauer is to take place at Turn Hall, in this city, on Monday, Dec. 1. The following are the articles of agreement:

Articles of Agreement entered into between Joe Denning, of Brooklyn, and Prof. Henry Neubauer, of Greenpoint.

Witnesses:
HENRY NEUBAUER,
JOHN DENNING.

On Sept. 15 Morris Kelly and Bill Condon fought according to London prize ring rules for \$20. Kelly having the services of a well-known Chelsea light weight, while a Fulham pugilist attended to the wants of Condon. The following is a report of the fight:

ROUND 1.—Condon led off with the left, but was very neatly stopped. Kelly then forced the pace, and getting his right well home in the head-bucket sent his man to grass.
ROUND 2.—This was a magnificently contested round, both men going to work with a will, and clinch, both went down.
ROUND 3.—Both took the center sharp to the call of "Time!" and after sparring nearly half a minute for an opening, Kelly dashed in his right fair on the mark, sending his man to grass.
ROUND 4.—As Condon came up to the scratch he exhibited signs of weakness, and receiving the office from his second to go in and finish it, Kelly went for his man and knocked him all over the ring the round terminating by Condon going down.
Rounds 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 were of a very similar character to the fourth, and although Condon came to the mark each time in the games possible manner, it was evident he had no chance.
ROUND 13 AND LAST.—But little time was wasted in sparring, as Kelly, going to work in grand style, did almost as he liked with his plucky opponent, and finished up by sending him to grass with a particularly straight right-hander. Condon not being able to respond to the call of "Time!" the cup was thrown up in favor of Kelly.

Sporting circles in England are agitated over the great battle encounter between Jack Kilrain, the 61-tonner, and Wolf Becher, who are matched to fight on the 25th inst. The following are the articles of agreement signed when the match was arranged:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 25th day of August, 1894, between Wolf Becher of the one part and John Kilrain of the other part. The said John Kilrain agrees to box the said Wolf Becher with fair boxing-gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, as arranged for endurance. Agreed that John Kilrain deposits £200 against Wolf Becher's £200, the winner of the match to receive the whole of the money deposited; £50 deposited on the part of Kilrain, and £40 on the part of Becher, to be placed in the stakeholder's hands (his 25th day of August, 1894, and a further deposit of £50 on the part of Kilrain and £40 on the part of Becher, shall be made good at Mr. I. Harper's, Chapel street, Islington, on Thursday, the 4th day of September, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M., and a further deposit of £50 on the part of Kilrain and £40 on the part of Becher shall be made good at Mr. I. Harper's, Chapel street, Islington, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M., on Thursday, the 18th of September, 1894, and a final deposit of £50 on the part of Kilrain and £40 on the part of Becher shall be made good at Mr. Brown's Red Lion public house, Warner street, Clerkenwell, on Thursday, the 25th day of September, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M. Agreed the fight shall take place within two months from the day of signing articles. The referee shall be chosen from the company assembled to see the contest. The fight to take place within fifty miles of London. Agreed that the stake shall be fairly won or lost by a contest as above arranged, and that in no case shall the stake or any part thereof be forfeited, and that in no case shall the stake or any part thereof be forfeited. Definite arrangements shall be made at the final deposit, and either party failing to comply with the above articles and other reasonable arrangements, shall forfeit all moneys deposited.

Witnesses:
JOHN KILRAIN,
WOLF BECHER.

Articles of agreement have been signed for a glove contest in this city between Prof. John Laffin, of this city, and John L. Sullivan, four rounds, Queensberry rules, the winner to receive the entire gross receipts. Patrick Sheedy, of Chicago, who is now managing Sullivan's business, arrived from Boston on Oct. 6, and was found at the POLICE GAZETTE office by a reporter seeking for information regarding Sullivan and his proposed matches with Laffin, Greenfield and Mitchell.

"Did you see Sullivan in Boston?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said Sheedy, "and you can ask the public that the champion was better enjoying better health in his life. He has decided to say no to everybody who asks him to drink champagne. If he adheres to this rule he will not only benefit himself, but his many friends."

"Has Sullivan any engagements on hand?" was the next query.

"Yes," said Sheedy, "on Nov. 10, or about that time, the champion is to meet Prof. John Laffin, the well-known athlete, who boxed with Sullivan in Madison Square Garden for the benefit of the Ohio Flood Fund. Ever since that set-to Laffin has been eager to meet Sullivan, claiming that he was not in condition at the time they met in the arena, and Sullivan has decided to give him another opportunity."

"What will the conditions of the contest be?" asked the reporter.

"Four rounds, Queensberry rules, the winner to take all the receipts, whether there is interference by the authorities or not," was the reply.

"Will Sullivan train for the contest?"

"Certainly," said Sheedy, "and when he comes to New York he will be in the pink of condition. I think," continued Sheedy, "that the show I intend to give, independent of the glove contest between Laffin and Sullivan, will be one of the best ever seen in Madison Square Garden. I have instructed Richard K. Fox to modify the leading pugilists through the POLICE GAZETTE that I desire them to take in the exhibition on Nov. 10. Sullivan will have another great contest after he meets Laffin."

"What will that be?" asked the reporter.

"I suppose you know that Richard K. Fox has sent to England for Alf. Greenfield, and that the latter will arrive in this city about Nov. 4, at least, so Mr. Fox informed me."

"Will Sullivan meet Greenfield?"

"Sullivan has left the matter entirely with me, and I called on Richard K. Fox about arranging the match. He promised that Sullivan should have the first opportunity of boxing with Greenfield."

"Will the contest take place in this city?"

"I believe it will, if Madison Square Garden can be engaged. If not, Boston or Philadelphia will be the scene of the contest."

"What do you think about Greenfield?"

"From what I have heard about him he must be a first-class pugilist. He has fought and won several battles, and the fact that he broke his arm during his fight with Jack Stewart and then won the fight proves that he must have pluck."

"You do not think he is able to whip John L. Sullivan?"

"There is no man living can do that," replied Sheedy. "Sullivan is the champion of champions."

No match has yet been arranged between Greenfield and Sullivan, but it is just as good as arranged. After Sullivan's exhibition with Laffin and Greenfield a match may be arranged with Mitchell.

John O. Davis and John P. Clow have been matched to fight at Denver. The following are the articles of agreement:

Witnesses:
JOHN O. DAVIS,
JOHN P. CLOW.

The testimonial benefit to Steve Taylor, the champion pugilist of New Jersey, at Turn Hall, East Fourth street, on Monday evening, Oct. 4, was well attended by sporting men, pugilists and admirers of pugilism. It had been announced that John L. Sullivan would wind up with Taylor, and this fact helped to fill the large hall. Sullivan had intended to be present, but on the eve of his departure his only child was taken dangerously ill, and the champion would not leave Boston. Under the circumstances no one could blame either Taylor or Sullivan for the disappointment. The exhibition was a first-class one. The first set-to was between George Young and Joe Fowler, who battered each other for three rounds, and then gave way to Jack Dempsey and Tom Ferguson, of Philadelphia. This couple made a regular fight of it. In the first round Jack Dempsey, not expecting the quick rushes of his opponent, gave way, and the latter got all the best of the round. In the second round Dempsey made the boxing bag, letting go right and left-handers on Ferguson, which staggered him and made him wince. The third round was a heavy one, and when Salsboro the honors were about equally divided. Ed. Connors and George Taylor then had a lively set-to, and were followed by Jack Keenan, of Philadelphia, and Fiddler Neary. It was a short-arm bout all the way through, and the granting of Neary could be heard all over the hall. Pete McCoy and Drury Costigan next appeared. McCoy showed a great deal of science and skill. Young Bibby and James Wanner, of England, next had a bout at Cumberland and Westmerland style of wrestling, in which the former gained two falls. Steve Taylor, in order to make up for the failure of Sullivan to appear, decided to box twice—with Jack Burke, the Irish La, and with Mike Cleary, the popular pugilist. The set-to with Taylor and Burke was of a very interesting character. Both tried to do their best. In the first round the hitting and countering was quick and terrific, ending with Burke knocking Taylor down. The other rounds were all well contested, and Burke had the best of the encounter. After a short delay Bob Smith, the veteran pugilist and second, came to the front of the stage and said: "Gentlemen, Mr. John Sullivan promised Steve Taylor that he would 'happen positively to-night, but 'e 'is not 'ere, and therefore Mike Cleary will wind 'up with 'im." The announcement was received with good grace by the many who had paid to see Sullivan after the cause of his absence was explained. The wind-up was between Mike Cleary and Steve Taylor. It was a rattling set-to and pleased the large audience.

There was a slashing fight near London, Eng., on Sept. 22, between Jim Kendrick, of Lambeth, and Smokey Bishop, of Deptford, who were matched to contend at catch-weight for £10 a side. Bishop, who is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 feet 7 inches, and scales 10 stone 2 pounds, had previously fought two battles in the orthodox circle, and proved the conqueror on each occasion; while this was Kendrick's first essay, although he had been successful in some half-a-dozen glove competitions, in which he had shown great promise. He is two years younger than his opponent, stands an inch taller, and is 2 pounds lighter. All the arrangements had been carefully carried out, and a select party of ring-goers from the Surrey side of the Thames had assembled, and everything was in readiness, when all were disturbed by an officious stranger. By a well-managed ruse, however, he was shaken off, and a move was made to a quiet spot about three miles further on, where a nice piece of turf was selected, and the men stood up for the fight.

ROUND 1.—As they faced each other Kendrick seemed to stand much taller than his opponent, and his style was much more artistic. Little time was lost in sparring, and Bishop led drive with his left, but was pretty countered. Rapid exchanges followed, Kendrick drawing first blood, which was claimed and allowed. Landing smartly with his left on the body, and following it with a half-arm right-hander, Kendrick slightly injured his right arm, assuming very cautious of using it afterward. Rushing to a close Bishop ended the round by throwing his man cleverly.

ROUND 2.—Kendrick was the first to commence the attack, and planted some rib-roasters, followed by some smart deliveries on the right side of the face. Not liking such treatment Bishop again availed himself of his wrestling abilities, and dived his opponent.

ROUND 3.—Neither was in good condition, and both came up blowing. Kendrick was again the first to lead off, and, in fact, seldom missed, while Bishop thus early seemed to be completely bothered by his antagonist's tactics, and again resorted to wrestling, back-kicking his man cleverly.

ROUND 4.—Kendrick had now fairly got the measure of his man, and rattled away right merrily, both on face and body, until Bishop, who had been under the tuition of a celebrated wrestler, sent his man to grass.

ROUND 5.—By the advice of his seconds Bishop tried to force the fighting, but was well met at every point, and got the worst of the exchanges.

ROUND 6.—This and the following rounds up to the fifteenth were of a similar character, Bishop is almost every instance when in trouble throwing his man.

ROUND 16.—The Deptford man began to exhibit signs of distress, and Kendrick, going over to his corner, seemed downed him.

ROUND 17.—Kendrick was up first, and as soon as his opponent got within distance drove him all round the ring, and finished by throwing him.

ROUND 18.—Bishop exhibited the marks of his adversary's handiwork, and was also very groggy, but he faced his man, gamely, and after a few exchanges was thrown.

ROUND 19 AND LAST.—Bishop was slow in coming up, and very unsteady. Kendrick soon showed a marked superiority, and one of Bishop's seconds, seeing he stood no chance, very properly threw up the sponge when they had contended 34 minutes.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

The Tidbits of Professional Prattle Among American and Foreign Ringsters.

The proposed glove contest between Paddy Lee and Tom Henry has been declared off.

Billy Madden is going to send to England for a batch of English light-weight pugilists to appear at Athletic Hall, 129 East Thirtieth street.

Jacobs, the Newcastle pugilist, has challenged Jimmy Carney to fight according to London prize ring rules, three months from signing articles, for \$1,000.

Billy Lehman, of Philadelphia, challenges any 154-pound man in America to a four-round glove contest, Queensberry rules, or a finish, for gate receipts, the winner to take all or part.

John, better known as Cockey Woods, the pugilist of Boston, is dying with Bright's disease of the kidneys at the Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me. It is understood that he needs assistance.

Joe Coburn, the ex-champion pugilist, has just returned from a trip to Washington and Baltimore. Some time ago the famous pugilist was nearly knocked out by a snuffbox, but Joe is himself again.

Frank Stevenson has notified Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, that he will match Walter Watson to box Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, four rounds Queensberry rules. If Davies accepts, Stevenson will go on to Chicago with Watson.

Harry Hill opened the fall and winter season at his popular sporting theatre, 25 E. Houston street, on Oct. 2, with a grand boxing matinee. There was a general variety show and four set-to's in sparring between Kelly and Murphy, Sweeney and Clark, George Taylor and Mike Mulligan and Ferguson and Dempsey. Michigan Bill gave a recital of some scenes that are not generally produced on the stage. Every Thursday afternoon he will give a grand boxing tournament.

The following communication in reference to the visit of Tom Hill, the English amateur champion pugilist, to this country to meet Jack Dempsey, whom Gus Tullish offered to back for \$1,000, explains itself:

1 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, 16th Sept., 1894.

To Mr. Richard K. Fox, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry to inform you that Hill has injured his arm to such an extent that the doctor will not allow him to spar for at least two months, then they are not certain that he will not give way again. Hill hurt himself during a spar with Charley Wall, a real good 11-stone man, who I think could beat both Mitchell and Burke in one afternoon. Yours faithfully,

J. Youns, President R. A. B. C.

George Fulljames and Harry Gilmore are to box for \$50 a side and the light-weight championship of Canada on Oct. 28, near Toronto. About a year ago Gilmore journeyed to Philadelphia, and Arthur Chambers tried all he knew how to arrange a match on behalf of Gilmore with Fulljames. The latter fulfilled himself with a high fence in front, and Gilmore was not able to jump over, or, to be more to the point, Gilmore offered to fight for \$500 a side, but Fulljames refused to fight for less than \$1,000, and no match was made. The majority of the knowing ones believe Gilmore can conquer Fulljames. Every one is welcome to think for it costs nothing, but if they back their ideas with Queen Victoria or Uncle Sam's treasury notes, after Gilmore and Fulljames have met in the arena they will find a wet but no water in it.

Alf. Greenfield has decided not to accept the challenge of John Kilrain, the 61-tonner, owing to the fact that he had previously made arrangements to come to New York under the management of Richard K. Fox, who is now making arrangements with Patrick Sheedy, the popular sporting man of Chicago, John L. Sullivan's new manager, for a contest between Greenfield and Sullivan, to take place in this city. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has received the following cable dispatch from George W. Ashinson, of the Sporting Life, dated London, Eng., Oct. 3:

"Alf. Greenfield will sail from Liverpool on the Nevada on Oct. 25. He accepts the terms you propose, and will meet John L. Sullivan in a glove contest; or any man, except Sullivan, in the prize ring for any amount you desire to back him for."

On Oct. 4 the following challenge was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office which will bring about a great glove contest between either Charley Mitchell and John Kilrain, of Boston, or the latter and Dominick McCaffrey.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir—I hereby challenge any pugilist in America to box John Kilrain four rounds according to Revised Queensberry rules, the contest to be decided in Boston or New York city for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and the winner to take all the gate receipts, or I will match Kilrain against the winner of the Mitchell-McCaffrey fight on the same conditions they are fighting on (the winner to take the receipts of the house), the fight to take place in New York or Boston, and to be four or six rounds.

JAMES KEENAN,
35 Kneeland Street, Boston.

During the year after the battle between Pearce and Belcher there was considerable discussion as to who would be the next champion, it being foreseen that the condition of Pearce, the Game Chicken, must necessarily, in a short period, put an end to his career. Many persons supposed that John Gully would aspire to the rank, while others expected to see Jim Belcher, who was still young, once more lay claim to the title which he had before held with so much honor. Gully, who had fought two tremendous battles with the gigantic Gregson, whom he had vanquished on both occasions, had no desire to continue his career as a practitioner in the P. R., and indeed had only given Gregson the second meeting as a point of honor because that worthy was not satisfied with his first defeat. On being asked to resume the title of champion, he refused. Gully stood 5 feet 9½ inches, and weighed 160 pounds. He died at Durham, Eng., March 9, 1893, and was thirty years of age, having been born at Bristol, Eng., Aug. 1, 1878.

A few weeks ago J. C. of Seymour, Ind., wrote to the POLICE GAZETTE to know the name of the pugilist who fought five brothers. After wading through "Pugilistica," "Prize Ring Echoes," "Boxiana," "Sketches of Pugilism," "Anecdotes of the Fancy," and a dozen of other prize ring works only to be found in the POLICE GAZETTE sporting library, we gained the information. It was Ned Davis, of Wrexham, who fought the five brothers and was fatally injured. Davis was assailed within a mile of Wrexham by two of the brothers in a public house, and beat both. In the evening they were joined by three other brothers and felt certain that united they could defeat the Wrexham champion. Davis beat three of them off-hand when the other two fell on him, but he likewise knocked them out when one of their workmen struck him a terrible blow with a bad-handle and he died from the effects of the blow. Davis had defeated all the rougher element for miles around Wrexham and he was only thirty-eight when he was brutally murdered.

The Adelphi Athletic and Boxing Club gave a grand entertainment at the Bakers' Arms, London, Eng., recently. There was a boxing competition for a silver cup open to all feather weights. The large saloon was crowded both by members and the general public, and proceedings commenced with exhibition boxing, the first couple being the renowned Dave Cable and W. Wright, who were succeeded by Charley Wall and Jim Pictou, both of whom have distinguished themselves in competitions for valuable prizes. Following these came Tom Henson and Sam Miller, who gave place to Redmond Condon and H. Hunter, and the last pair were W. Cheese and C. Parrish. The preliminary bouts of the chief event were then drawn for, and resulted as follows:

Eight-stone six-pound Competition.—Beat 1: George Norton beat Charles Norton.—The former took the lead, and had decidedly the best of the exchanges in the first two rounds, when Charley woke up and made strenuous efforts to equalize matters, but failed, and the verdict was awarded to George. Beat 2: C. Mitchell beat H. Shaw.—Having a great advantage in height and weight, Mitchell found no difficulty in disposing of his smaller antagonist, who, however, stood up very gamely. Beat 3: W. Hopwood beat T.

Beat 4: W. Hopwood beat T. Moore.—This was a more evenly-contested bout, Hopwood holding a very slight lead, and eventually winning cleverly. Beat 4: F. Walker beat W. Conner.—There was little to choose between them for two rounds, when Conner fell weak, and Walker, settling about him, won comfortably. Bill Hook was time-keeper and referee, while Jack Clarke and Jack Erwin were efficient M.C.'s, and also attended to the wants of the competitors.

A correspondent in Water Valley, Miss., drops into poetry as follows:

Away with bowie, pistol, dick—
Away with savage class;
If you want to fight with honest might,
Come face me like a man.

Don't in a sneaking, thieving way
Steal your victim in the dark;
But train your muscles, nerve and will,
Then make him see the mark.

Put up your "punch," then we can see
Where right shall conquer wrong,
With sturdy hand and honest heart,
With limbs both stout and strong.

If this you do, then I can say
That you will win, "you bet."
And if you fail when once you try,
Then blame the POLICE GAZETTE.

From present indications, Alf. Greenfield, the famous English pugilist, will find plenty of work on his arrival in this country. Richard K. Fox has already received a number of challenges from the star pugilists eager to meet Greenfield in four-round glove contests. James Keenan, of Boston, writes that he will match Jake Kilrain to box Greenfield four rounds according to "Police Gazette" rules, the contest to take place at Boston. Duncan C. Ross also writes that he will match Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, to box Greenfield four rounds, Queensberry rules, the winner to take all the gate receipts. Billy Madden also agrees to arrange a match with Greenfield on behalf of Charley Mitchell. Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, is also eager to pit Patsy Cardiff, the great Peoria pugilist, against the Englishman. Patrick Sheedy, of Chicago, now manager of John L. Sullivan, desires to arrange a match on behalf of the champion of champions. Sheedy called on Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office, on Oct. 8, and stated he was ready to sign articles of agreement for a meeting between Sullivan and Greenfield, and Mr. Fox agreed that on Greenfield's arrival he would endeavor to make a match. The programme so far mapped out for Greenfield is to first meet Sullivan, then Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell. After these contests Greenfield will probably meet Jack Burke and Patsy Cardiff at Chicago. It is expected that the noted English pugilist will arrive in this city on or about Nov. 5. Sheedy, John L. Sullivan's new manager, is a shrewd, well-informed sporting man. He is styled the King of the Gamblers in Chicago. He would just as soon bet \$5,000 as \$5 on a card or any sporting event. In New Orleans, Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston and this city, he stands A-1 among the sporting element. Charley Bush, Pat Duffy, Hen Johnson, of New Orleans, Frank Beach, of St. Louis, Mike McDonald, of Chicago, John Daley and Al Smith, of this city, are among his most intimate friends.

The "Police Gazette" Diamond Champion Prize Ring Belt, value \$2,500, which Richard K. Fox has offered for all pugilists who claim to be champions, to contend for, has been altered at enormous expense. The trophy represents the heavy-weight championship of the world. The following are the rules governing the trophy:

Rule 1.—All contents for the "Police Gazette" Diamond Champion Belt shall be fought according to the new rules of the London prize ring.

Rule 2.—The holder of the trophy will be required to defend the trophy against all comers.

Rule 3.—All matches for the belt shall be for no less a sum than one thousand dollars (\$1,000) a side or upward, at the option of the holder and challenger.

Rule 4.—The belt shall be subject to challenges from any pugilist in the world, but no challenge will be accepted unless a deposit of \$500 is posted with Richard K. Fox, or at the office of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Rule 5.—Challenges shall date from the day of their receipt by the stakeholder, and the holder of the belt will be in duty bound to arrange a match with the first challenger.

Rule 6.—All contents shall take place within four months from the date of receipt of challenge by the stakeholder.

Rule 7.—The holder of the belt must defend for the belt every four months if challenged, and not more than three times in twelve months.

Rule 8.—All contents for the belt must be fought in the United States or Canada, and the holder of the trophy will have no power to select the fighting-ground, but will mutually agree with the challenger upon the selection of the place.

Rule 9.—If the holder of the belt and the challenger cannot agree upon the place of meeting, Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder, will select the fighting-ground.

Rule 10.—The belt shall become the personal property of any pugilist who wins it three times in succession or holds it three years against all comers.

Rule 11.—The winner or holder of the belt must give satisfactory security for the safe-keeping of the same, and be prompt to return it to the stakeholder when called for.

Rule 12.—The belt must be delivered to the stakeholder thirty days prior to a contest, and the holder refusing any challenge will forfeit all claims and rights to the trophy.

Rule 13.—In all contents for the belt Richard K. Fox shall be final stakeholder and act as, or select, the referee.

The trophy is on public exhibition at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

Ned Mallahan, the sporting business of Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, is acknowledged to be well up in prize ring statistics, and it would be about as hard for a pugilist to knock out John L. Sullivan as to attempt to prove Conner-Chicken wrong in any decision on prize ring matters. A few days ago Mallahan called at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Pugilism was the topic of conversation.

"What do you think of John L. Sullivan's pugilistic abilities?" asked the conductor, addressing the sporting editor.

Answering the question in the same breath Mallahan said:

"You believe he can do any man in the world?"

"Yes," was the reply, "he is a second Jack Randall."

"By the way," said Mallahan, "you were wrong when you stated in the POLICE GAZETTE that Dan Donnelly refused to fight Jack Carter."

"If you take the sketches of the Irish champions written and published in a certain sporting journal I may be wrong, but those sketches are not correct, and there are more mistakes in them than there are holes in a sieve. Now, I will prove that the POLICE GAZETTE was correct. Read this."

Counselor Mallahan was handed the following copy of the articles of agreement between Jack Carter and Dan Donnelly, which were drawn up and signed at Fowles street, Dublin, on Sept. 20, 1878. Mallahan looked in surprise at the old document, signed sixty-five years ago. The agreement read as follows:

DUBLIN, Sept. 20, 1878.

Mr. W. Downing on the one part and Mr. L. Byrne on the other part. Mr. Downing deposits £200 sterling, on behalf of John Carter, and Mr. L. Byrne deposits, on the part of Daniel Donnelly, £20 sterling, into the hands of Mr. John Doolley; the parties to meet Oct. 20, 39 Fowles street, Dublin, on the 9th of October next at 2 o'clock on the said day precisely to make the above sum, £200 each, the combatants to meet within 30 miles of Dublin on the 25th of November next, and then fight at 12 o'clock in the day—the place to be hereafter named for and named—for the sum of £200 sterling a side; the whole of the stakes to be made good on the 25th of November, two days previous to fighting, when place will be appointed, or the £200 deposit money forfeited; to be a fair stand-up fight, half-minute time, in a 24-foot ring; also if the parties, or money for said parties, according to this article, do not meet on the 5th of October next, the present £200 stake must also be forfeited.

JOHN CARTER,
D. D.

W. DOWNING,
L. BYRNE.

Present—THOMAS BOYLE,
ROBERT GREGSON.

The match fell through. At the meeting on Oct. 5 Donnelly refused to fight Carter unless the latter allowed him (Donnelly) to select his own stakeholder. The document proved beyond dispute that Donnelly did refuse to fight Carter after the latter had gone from England to Ireland on purpose to fight him. The above articles of agreement also proved that the alleged life of Dan Donnelly and the sketches of the Irish champions before alluded to are full of errors.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The Way in Which the Aspirations of the Louisvilles Were Blasted.

The young gentlemen from Louisville, Kentucky, who have made such a strong fight this season in the race for the championship of the American Association, came on from the West, Sept. 27, only a short distance behind the Metropolitans in the race, and with high aspirations as to their chances for taking the championship back with them to Louisville. They had an idea that they would dash through the Eastern clubs, like a bullet through cheese, but never were a set of ball-players more grievously disappointed than were these Bourbons from "old Kentucky." They met their most formidable opponents, the Metropolitans, in this city, Sept. 27 and 28, and were knocked off their pins in both games. After visiting Brooklyn they brought up in Philadelphia, Oct. 4, and encountered the Athletics, who, like the Metropolitans, gave them a bad whipping out. Little Bobby Matthews was at his best on this occasion, and he pitched such pezzling balls that the Louisvilles only got a single base hit off of him in the entire game, and only on two occasions did they accomplish the feat of reaching first base. While on the other hand the Athletics pounded Reccos until he was blue in the face. This game thoroughly knocked the conceit out of the hot-headed Southerners, and plainly showed them that their chances for the pennant were far from flattering, and that if they returned to the West in third place, they would be accomplishing a wonderful feat. Hecker's "brown-stone front" grew so faint in the hazy distance, that the most vivid imagination could not picture this magnificent structure which Hecker was to receive in case the Louisvilles won the championship. The Louisvilles could not realize that they were destined to be shut out, and as inning after inning closed without their scoring a run, they began to get alarmed. Big Jumbo Latham could not give up without a struggle, so started around like a big hippopotamus trying to rally the boys, but he was no use, as he had lost sight of Hecker's house, their guiding star, and they were compelled to drop anchor. One of the most surprising features of the game was the fact of Dickerson's being dead sober, an occurrence which is so rare that the flags are generally put at half mast when he is discovered in this state. He had been induced to put his head in soak over night as an experiment, to see if it would change the luck of the club, but the club will never again make a similar request of him, for the absence of stimulants in his carcass made him so nervous that he muffed two beautiful fly balls, and maddened several others which could hardly be credited as errors against him, although he should have caught them. Joe Gerhardt was so busy egging the other boys on to do something, that he quite forgot that he had not done anything himself. The game terminated with the Louisvilles down in the following fine form:

Players.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Browning, c. f.	4	0	1	1	3	0	0	0
Cher, r. f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	1	1
Dickerson, l. f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	1
Wolf, c.	3	0	0	0	2	1	1	1
Gerhardt, 2d b.	3	0	0	0	1	2	0	0
Latham, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	11	0	2	2
Reccon, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1	1	1
Andrews, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	2	4	1	1
McLaughlin, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	3	0	0
Totals.	28	0	1	1	24	11	8	8

Players.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaw, 1st b.	4	0	1	1	3	0	0	0
Hecker, s. s.	4	1	2	2	2	1	1	1
Cory, 3d b.	4	1	2	2	0	2	0	0
Knight, r. f.	4	1	1	3	2	1	1	1
Coleman, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0	2	0	0
Milligan, c.	4	1	1	1	6	2	0	0
Larkin, l. f.	4	1	2	2	2	0	0	0
Stricker, 2d b.	4	1	1	1	4	0	0	0
Matthews, p.	4	0	0	1	1	1	1	1
Totals.	35	7	11	13	27	7	2	2

Score by Innings.

Club.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0
Athletics	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	2	2-7

Earned runs—Athletics, 1. Three-base hits—Knight. Base on balls—Larkin. Left on bases—Louisville, 1; Athletics, 4. Struck out—Cory, Matthews, Wolf, Latham, Reccon (3), McLaughlin. Muffed flies—Knight. Muffed thrown balls—Hecker. Wild throws—Andrews, Wolf and Latham. Fumbled grounders—Dickerson (2), Latham. Double plays—Gerhardt and Latham; Andrews and Latham. Passed balls—Wolf, 4. Wild pitch—Reccon. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—John Kelly.

The Bostonians are rapidly losing their sand. Poor Hecker is suffering with a swollen head. Hecker's work at short this season has been away up in G. Billy Barnes has still got the white elephant, Goldsmith, on his hands. Latham is not the Sampson of the Louisville Club—he is only the Rhinoceros. Ray Deagle feels that he did not receive a square deal from the Louisvilles. Schenck Harry is worse than a sore cushion with his surplus of science on all subjects. Hartford has black-listed Thomas, which throws another bum ball-player on the market. Will Lowell ever take a drop about that great club they are going to have next season? Give us an easy one. The Philadelphia Item wants to know who will be champions in 1885. Vinson has great difficulty in getting both his feet in the pitcher's box at the same time. How Fenwick has made the biggest hit that has ever been made in America by an umpire.

The cause of Charlie Palmer's great rejoicing is the downfall of the W. H. Knows fossil, Will White. The rise and fall of Morris, the celebrated pitcher of the Columbus Club, has been like that of a mushroom. About the only games that the Cincinnati Americans seem capable of winning are their exhibition games. In the Union Association have seen enough to stick to their work they will become a powerful organization. The Mets are to be given a grand time when they win the championship, which they will do beyond a doubt. The Toledo are playing simply wonderful ball, and it is a great pity they have played in such hard luck this season. The Detroit Club expect to make things boom next season, and probably the first gun fired will be by Manager Chapman. The Philadelphia Club will not reserve any of their players this year, as they are all considered safe—no one wants them. Mendacious Taylor still persists in giving to his club the two protested St. Louis-Cincinnati games.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wooden if Hartford will ever get tired making arrangements in the fall to place a big professional line in their town the next spring.

We could about call the turn if the Union and American Association clubs of St. Louis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were to come together.

Von der Aue is broken-hearted over his team of bunnies, and is now willing to give \$3,000 to the manager who can keep his drunkards sober.

In looks as though the Providence Club were playing into the hands of the Buffaloes in order to prevent the New Yorks from getting third place.

Billy Hagen has an idea that better wages can be made at ball-playing than at clerking for a season, so next season he will re-enter the baseball arena.

The Toledo people will have to go down into their clothes a little deeper than they have been doing if they expect to keep their ball-club together next season.

Rowa of the Buffaloes, has probably seen his best days behind the bat, as his hands are now so badly used up that it will take him a month of Sundays to recover.

An attempt will be made to shelve the habitual drunkards at the end of the season. This will go hard on some first-class ball-players who are fond of their grog.

Louisville waves the virtue of the National Agreement and is arranged to play two games with the Cincinnati Union, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 19 and 20, in Cincinnati.

Two Cincinnati Unions have done such excellent work this season, that they have frightened Little German George and his side-partner, O. P. Caylor, out of a year's growth.

The Louisville Courier-Journal deserve great credit for the able manner in which they encouraged their players to win the championship, but it was like placing pearls before swine.

The Nationals, of Washington, are after Bennett and Wideman, of the Detroit. They will catch a treasure in Wideman as he has only made one base hit in the last twenty-seven games.

Joe Farrell, of Brooklyn, has got the Detroit baseball scribes somewhat sore on him, and the manner in which they turn Joe over in their columns is enough to make his flesh creep.

After many sore heads and bruised optics, the Springfield Club have succeeded in licking all the toughs of the Ohio League, and have captured the much-coveted championship pennant.

GRACE FRANCH is in mortal terror of being received by the Metropolitans. He has an offer of \$3,000 to play with the New-Yorkers, of Hungry Hollow, but he can only get \$4,000 if he is received by Metrie.

MAJOR THOMPSON has pulled up stakes and given the Detroit Club the dead shake, and the Detroiters, instead of mourning his loss, regard it as the happiest day baseball has ever known in Detroit.

REDDY MACK is so popular in the Ohio League that his name is constantly before the public. If a gimball is to be scrubbed out it would not be considered a good job unless Reddy Mack was used as the mop.

The Toledo people have been playing in such fine form this fall that the Toledo people have come to the front and offered to go down into their pockets and raise the necessary funds to keep the club on its feet another year.

CHEN, VON DER AUE is in search of a manager for the St. Louis Club. The man who accepts the position will have to be made of dough, to stand the dominating and the constant overbearing of the club.

The general impression is that the Providence Club is not trying to play ball now, since they have won the championship. It is a dirty, selfish trick, as it has given Buffalo an advantage over New York, which they would not otherwise have had.

FRANK BANCROFT now gets down on his belly and crawls like a serpent since he finds that Jim Matie is ready and willing to accept his challenge to let the Metropolitans play against the Providence Club, in a series of five games, at \$1,000 a side.

IMAGINE STORY making a presentation speech on the ball-field of an Elk's badge to Lou Light. It must have been a beautiful one for the crowd to listen to. No one would give him credit for possessing enough courage to present a collar to a dog.

MIKE WILSON has made quite a hit as a manager, and has been re-engaged by the Louisville for 1885. This is a wonderful improvement on his day of umpiring, when he was afraid to look cross-eyed for fear some one would up and slug up at him.

MARGARET MALARIA, of the Boston Club, has suspended Burdock for the remainder of the season, and has disciplined Whitney so severely that it is doubtful if he will be able to do any more pitching this season, as he is far from being in condition at present.

JOE SHANT recently made his debut in the prize ring, but he proved far from being a success. He was pitted against the pugilist, John L. Material, and was knocked out so badly that he will not be able to play with the Providence Club again this season.

The Bostonians were the only club who had the business ability to weather the season with their reserve team. It was up-hill business, however, and the burden was so heavy that it is hardly likely that they will ever attempt to carry another load of that nature.

The Boston Club are probably the richest baseball association in the United States, and undoubtedly the meanest and most contemptible in their treatment of their players and of the press. They are stingy on the question of salaries, and also in their distribution of favors to the press.

CLEVELAND is without doubt the bummiest drawing city in the League. When the New Yorks played there, Sept. 18, there were only 150 people, a dog, seven flies and a grasshopper present. There were no mosquitoes, as they have absolutely refused to attend any more of the Cleveland games.

The ball-players throughout the country are now all making believe that they are being deeply wronged by the reserve list, when they know in their hearts that it is their only salvation. Were it not for this restriction the players would swamp every baseball club's management in the country by the exorbitant salaries they would demand.

BORN ALBANY and Troy are making a bid for the Allentown Club in a body. There is not much choice between the two places for them, as they will starve in the one place as quick as they will in the other, and either city is as good as Allentown, so we can see nothing better for them than to go down themselves in a body, for it beats starving all hollow.

BILLY BARNES was kind enough to lend a helping hand to the renegade, James McLaughlin, who skipped from Baltimore to Portsmouth, Ohio, the moment Manager Barrie opened his big heart and raised the sugar to remove a suit of clothes and a handsome gold watch from the pawn-shop for the ungrateful wretch. Creatures like this fellow are not worthy the name of a man.

DURING the first couple of months of the baseball season we were driven almost distracted by Holbert's marvelous accounts of Cuba. He finally took a drop and the citizens of New York were saved from early graves. As the winter season approaches, however, and Billy has commenced to unearth Cuba, there seems to be no hope for the ball-playing public other than to plunge deep into the wildest kind of dissipation and try drown that everlasting Cuban breeze.

LOW SUNDOWN has his hawk-eye on Barkley, and if he can be of any assistance to the Toledo in helping them to the wall they can count on him walking from Philadelphia to Toledo to do so. Low must not count too much on Barkley, however, as there are a dozen other clubs from the League, American and Union associations who have their eyes peeled in that direction, and would gladly and willingly fasten their grapples on this excellent second baseman if they could only see their way clear to give the Toledo a friendly stab without getting stained with their gore.

CHEN, VON DER AUE thought that there was something wrong as week after week rolled around without his club getting any nearer to winning the championship. He did not know how to make the boys play better ball, so he went at it in the same old style that all other lunk-heads have done for the past ten centuries. He commenced to kick at every person but the right one. His finding fault with Jimmy Wilson resulted in that little gentleman resigning from the management. As the club did not improve in their work, his next movement was to bounce all his best men and retain the drunken loafers. The book-keeper was then fired and while on his way to Germany, Von der Aue telegraphed after him and had him stopped at Columbus, and taken back to St. Louis, where he was detained until the St. Louis chieftain was satisfied that the books of the club were all right.

FRANK BANCROFT and his Providence cowards have crawled like snakes since they have found out that the Metropolitans have said enough to accept their challenge and put \$1,000 forfeit money. The Metropolitans are ready, willing and anxious to play, and have made the Providence boys a fair and square offer, and it seems a perfect shame that the public are deprived of such an excellent opportunity of seeing some first-class ball-playing, by the Providence Club being too cowardly to accept of Manager Nutrie's proposition to play two games according to the rules of the League, two by American Association rules, and to toss for the style of the fifth game, if it is found necessary to play a fifth game. From the actions of the Providence Club, however, it looks as though they wanted the Metropolitans to give them a written contract that they should win the series.

THE Boston Courier is out with a proposition that the appointment and direction of the staff of League umpires be taken from Secretary Young (leaving him free to attend to his duties as secretary) and placed in the hands of Bob Ferguson. It adds, humorously: "Let him be named Chief Umpire or Regius Professor of the science, and during the coming winter take in charge the various aspirants for the position and imbue their minds with sound and holy doctrine, teaching them the points of the game, the location of the various bases, the art of opening their eyes and seeing what takes place, and, after the manner of the ancient Spartans who were wont to exhibit a drunken belief to their children as an example of the evils of intoxication, let him enforce his precepts by illustrations plucked from the mistakes of the impudent Gaffney or of the ill-favored Malone. They shall be served his country and his profession also, and next season, as the merry unscrupulous kid in joy behind the bat, while the players kiss his hand and the crowds exult in his name in prayers, Blaine and Cleveland will be alike forgotten, but the name of Ferguson shall be written upon enduring brass and deathless be his fame."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

G. R. City.—Three decrees.
D. W. S., Seymour, Ind.—No.
J. W. M., Hoboken, N. J.—Time, 2:15.
F. S. C., Lawrence, Mass.—Black gelding.
S. and W., East Hampton, Mass.—Yes, if bet on.
J. R. McC., Rutherford, N. Y.—A player has that right.
W. M. Alma, Custer Co.—At what distance do you mean?
G. W., Cochester, N. Y.—He stands 6 ft 2 in and weighs 197 lbs.
CONSTANT READER, Livingston, M. T.—The shot does not count.
J. R., Holyoke, Mass.—1. Paddy Ryan still lives in Chicago. 2. No.
A. Schemm, Galatin City, M. T.—Consult a veterinary surgeon.

J. S. Patterson, N. J.—We received your letter and failed to find portrait.
G. M., Baltimore, Md.—There is no official popular vote for President.

W. S., Toledo, Ohio.—The salary of the President of the United States is \$50,000.
D. M., Boston, Mass.—It was in 1834 Pirepotentiary won the Derby in England.

J. M. R., Indianapolis, Ind.—Dick Hollywood is living at West Brighton, Staten Island.
J. C. D. T., Marshalltown, Ia.—O'Leary 520 miles 440 yards, Vint 520 miles 600 yards.

M. G., Brighton, Mass.—Liquor is the only American race-horse that won the English Derby.
S. S. J., Jarrow-on-Tyne, Eng.—Messrs. Currier & Ives, 115 Nassau street, New York city.

J. L., Patterson.—We have not the address. Write to Geo. W. Atkinson, Sporting Life, London.
CONSTANT READER, Worcester, Mass.—Edward Hanlan first sailed for England on Jan. 21, 1879.

FRANK W. C., Vicksburg, Miss.—From the World Publishing Company, 121 Nassau street, N. Y.
M. J., Boston, Mass.—It was on May 26, 1879, Frolic won the Epsom gold cup. He carried 125 lbs.

D. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Joe Coburn and John Morrissey never fought as opponents in the prize ring.
J. S. B., "Idem, N. Y.—The number of miles by water from New York to San Francisco is 15,000 miles.

S. P. T., Greenboro, Ala.—1. Dennis C. Ross. 2. A. H. Greenfield. 3. Possibly he may carry this State.
K. K., Kitteridge.—Complaints must be accompanied with name and post-office address to command attention.

W. F. A., East Lynn, Conn.—Daniel O'Leary, the postman, was born in County Wick, Ireland, June 27, 1808.
MILES, Louisville, Ky.—The numbers, 27, 28 and 29 cannot be made by any possible combination of the cards.

L. S., Chelsea, Mass.—1. Ed. S. Price was born in London, England, in 1802. 2. He generally fought at 125 lbs.
CONSTANT READER, Greenpoint, L. I.—1. No. 2. Send for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

H. E., Philadelphia, Pa.—Sentenced March 6, 1877, to ten years; sent to Sing Sing, March 8, 1877; released Dec. 7, 1882.
G. A., Greenpoint, N. Y.—New York and Chicago clubs played the first League game at the Polo Grounds this season.

D. H., Boston.—Clarence Whitaker stands 5 ft 7 in, weighs 175 lbs. William Muldoon stands 5 ft 9 in, weighs 185 lbs.
H. S., Austin, Tex.—Tim Horan, brother to John C. Horan, was shot in Philadelphia on June 11, 1883, and died on June 14, 1883.

CONSTANT READER, East Greenwich, R. I.—The steamer City of Boston sailed from New York, Jan. 25, 1879, and was never heard from.
W. M. W., Stratford, Ont.—1. Longest battle in England, 6th Mo, Mike Madden and Bill Hayes, Edinburgh, July 17, 1869. 2. Tom Spring.

C. and E., Dallas, Tex.—He is a brand, and has been going through the country like that for some time. Please send us his picture.
S. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—Alice Hawthorn, the English racing mare, won fifty-one races, one of which was a dead heat. She was foaled in 1835.

S. W., Ypsilanti, Mich.—1. The longest mile in the world, or at least the mile with the most yards, is the Hanover mile—11,550 yards. 2. No.
M. J., Selma, Ala.—It is South Carolina that is called the Palmetto State. It is so called from the arms of the State, which contains a palmetto.

FLANNERY, Brooklyn.—A lesson. Joe Coburn did not teach John L. Sullivan how to box. Sullivan was a pugilist before Joe Coburn ever knew him.
J. C. S., Brunswick, Minn.—President Garfield was shot on the morning of July 2, 1881, in the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Depot, Washington, D. C.

J. F., St. Paul, Minn.—Send for "The History of the American Prize Ring," published by Richard K. Fox at this office. It contains all the information.
A. R., Chicago, Ill.—1. Tom Spring's right name was Winter. 2. He was born Feb. 22, 1795, at Townshope, Eng. He stood 5 ft 11 in in height, and weighed 184 lbs.

W. M., New Haven, Conn.—John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, was born in Bakersfield, Vt. He stands 5 ft 10 in in height, weighs 185 lbs.
D. S., Brighton, Mass.—James A. Garfield received 214 electoral votes in the Presidential election in November, 1880. Winfield S. Hancock received 155 electoral votes.

A. R., Leadville.—The receipts in the first contest for the Astley Belt, at Madison Square Garden, was \$54,097.15. Rowell received \$19,000, Ennis \$12,000 and Harrison, \$7,500.
B. S., Indianapolis.—Daniel O'Leary and E. F. Weston walked six days (122 hours), at San Francisco, Cal., March 8-13, 1880. O'Leary covered 5162-7 miles, Weston 6097 miles.

JOHN W. STRAVEN, Jacksonville, Fla.—If you forward money to us we will pay the advertiser for the article you wish upon his handling as the express company's receipt for same.
D. W., Bridgeport.—The best time on record at 2 1/2 miles in Aristides' chestnut colt (Burr), 104 lbs, run at Louisville, Ky., on May 13, 1876, when he defeated Bazar, Elmer and War Jig, in 4:37 1/2.

C. H. B., Washington, D. C.—A pugilist may strike in the pit of the stomach and not commit a foul. In the days of Figg and Broughton it was known as the vital blow, and many battles have been won by the same blow.
T. R., Sioux Falls, D. T.—Although upon principle we do not endorse any goods advertised, we have no hesitation in saying you will receive any goods sent for advertised by the World Mfg. Co., 122 Nassau street, New York.

W. M., Cincinnati.—It is a hard matter to decide who owns the best fighting-dog in America. Dogs fight at different weights. Patrick Kirry's Napoleon Jack, of Pittsburg, is no doubt the best dog at his weight in America.
W. H., Boston, Mass.—The total value of the National Brooders' Association stakes, trotted for at the grounds of the New York Driving Club, Sept. 9 to 11, inclusive, was \$20,000. The average value of each stake was \$1,500.

D. B., Shenandoah, Pa.—There is no such boat as the Mary Powell running between Philadelphia and Trenton. As that route is partly by canal it could not be expected that the same speed could be obtained as on the Hudson river.
J. B., Dayton, Ohio.—A lesson. The Governor of Pennsylvania does not receive a larger salary than the Governor of New York. The salary of the Governor of New York is \$10,000, and the Governor of Pennsylvania receives the same amount per annum.

D. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. Henry J. Peck jumped from the New Suspension Bridge into the Niagara River, a distance of 192 ft, on May 21, 1879. 2. He was attired in a waterproof suit, had a life-preserver around his body and a wire attached to a harness placed around his shoulders.
READER, New York.—1. Ellen Jewett was killed April 10, 1836, at No. 41 Thomas street, this city. Richard P. Robinson, who was known at the house No. 41 Thomas street as Frank Rivers, was charged with the murder and trial and acquitted by the Court of Oyer and Terminer. 2. No record.

J. H. V., Oneida, N. Y.—1. Cleary and Mitchell met in the American Institute Building, New York, Monday, April 9, 1883. The contest was stopped by the police in the third round. 2. The Mitchell and Sheriff contest took place at Harry Hill's pavilion, Flushing, L. I., on Oct. 2, 1883, and ended in a draw; 6 rounds were fought.
J. M. G., Boston.—If you want correct answers to your queries, send your favors to the Police Gazette in the first place. The Boston imitation of the Police Gazette has no one on their staff who can answer questions on prize ring matters. Tom Molloy died at Galway, Ireland, on Aug. 4, 1818. Dissipation alone put an end to his existence.

M. W. S., Hartford, Conn.—Frenchy Johnson did not take first prize in any regatta in which Hanlan participated. June 13, 1877, at Silver Lake, Fred. Plaisted was first. June 20, of the same year, Edward Hanlan was first. July 4, following, Plaisted again won, and on the 17th of June the year following, at Silver Lake, Frenchy Johnson won.

F. W. K., Atlanta, Ga.—1. If you have been influenced to put up money on Deobon, the sprint runner, and he ran away with your funds, it will teach you a lesson to let sprint runners alone. 2. We can do nothing in the matter. Deobon is probably a fictitious name of one of the many short-distance runners who, under numerous aliases, visit towns and cities to catch the unwary.

J. M. S., Baltimore.—The Champagne stakes run annually at the American Jockey Club was first won by Sarah B. Lost Cause ran second. Since then the following have been the winners: In 1868, Cottrill; 1869, Pinesse; 1870, Dudley; 1871, Gray Planet; 1872, Minnie W.; 1873, Oriolestead; 1874, Hyder Ali; 1875, Virgilus; 1876, Bombast; 1877, Albert; 1878, Bellida; 1879, Carita; 1880, Lady Rosebery; 1881, Macduff; 1882, Brocas; 1883, Leo; 1884, Kachus.

J. S. W., Boston, Mass.—If the imitation of the POLICE GAZETTE of New York, which is published in Boston, in Answers to Correspondents claims that Bob Brettle never fought Jim Mace, and you lost your money, you cannot blame any one but yourself. Send your favors to the POLICE GAZETTE, for there is no person on the imitation of the POLICE GAZETTE posted to decide questions relating to the prize ring or any branch of sport. Bob Brettle did fight Jim Mace, and defeated him, on Sept. 11, 1855.

M. S. J., Portland, Me.—The following are the statistics, approximately correct, of the present population and wealth of the six leading nations of the earth:

	Population.	Wealth.
United States	50,150,000	\$55,000,000,000
Great Britain	31,500,000	45,000,000,000
France	37,100,000	40,000,000,000
Germany	45,300,000	25,000,000,000
Russia	82,400,000	15,000,000,000
Austria	30,175,000	14,000,000,000

J. W., New Britain, Conn.—Ed. Tuckey, of Williamsburgh, N. Y., and James Kerrigan, of the Fourth ward, New York, were to have fought for \$1,000 on April 11, 1870, at Charles Island, Conn. The Pope Catlin left Brooklyn on April 11 for the battle-ground, crowded with humanity. The New Haven militia stopped the fight and nearly all the party was arrested and marched through Milford, while the militia band played the Eogin's March. The entire party found on Charles Island was packed like sheep in a train of cattle-cars and taken to New Haven.

M. S., Boston.—In December, 1863, Joe Coburn while in England issued a challenge to fight Tom King, whose victory over John C. Heenan had reached New York. Coburn offered to fight King for \$10,000. King refused to meet the American champion, claiming he had retired from the ring. Coburn then challenged the then champion of the English championship, Jim Mace, Coburn offering to pay him \$1,000 for expenses if he would fight in the British provinces on this continent. This Mace declined to do, but after considerable correspondence had passed between them, articles were signed to fight in Ireland for £1,000, Coburn to receive £100 for expenses.

F. H., New Orleans.—1. Ben Caunt and Bendigo fought April 3, 1838. Pete Taylor and Nick Ward seconded Bendigo, while young Molloy and Gregson did the needful for Caunt. 2. In the fifteenth round Bendigo kicked Caunt as he lay on the ground. Caunt claimed the fight, but the referee declared that he saw nothing that was avoidable. The battle was continued until 75 rounds were fought in 1h 20m, when Bendigo fell without a blow. Caunt's seconds claimed foul and the referee decided Caunt the winner. 3. There was no knock-down during the fight. Caunt stood 6 ft 3 in in height.

J. S. B., Hartford, Conn.—The high bridge and obelisk which spans the river Witham, at Lincoln, Eng., was erected in 1765, occupies the site of the ancient chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr, in which the Corporation founded a chantry in the reign of Edward I., probably that the priests might pray for the redemption of souls of the ancient officials; for, as the reader will by this time know, they were no small sinners, whatever may be said of their reformed successors of the nineteenth century. In 1863 it underwent great alterations, and a fountain was erected and opened on the Prince of Wales' wedding-day, and called the "Albert Fountain," by Charles Doughty, Esq., Mayor.

D. M. J., Kansas City.—1. John Morrissey and John C. Heenan fought for the championship of America at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1868. 2. Morrissey's height was 5 ft 11 in, and his weight about 173 lbs. 3. Eleven rounds were fought, when Heenan reeled and staggered, as both were led to the scratch. Heenan endeavored to counter, but he struck wildly in the air, and overreaching himself in this way, in endeavoring to return a sharp blow which Morrissey had delivered on the neck, he fell from exhaustion, and was carried insensible to his corner, beaten and terribly battered. The fight lasted 21m, when Morrissey was

Suicide of Miss Carpenter.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Miss Sarah C. Carpenter, of Brooklyn, whose portrait we published last week, is now virtually cleared up. The family will not immediately withdraw the placards and the \$500 offered for information, but in their own minds they are convinced that all doubt as to Miss Carpenter's fate is settled. There is apparently no question now that she rose early in the morning of Sept. 21, slipped quietly down the stairs, and out the front door, which she left open, came over to New York, and went to the Cunard wharf, where she arrived just in time to board the steamship Bothnia as the vessel sailed for Liverpool. On the evening of the first day out, when the Bothnia was about 200 miles at sea, she probably dropped quietly over the side into the water. She was not missed on board the ship until some time the next day.

The cable message which establishes these facts almost to a certainty was received at the Cunard office in this city on Oct. 4, and was in response to the message sent to Liverpool the day before by Mr. Frederick Carpenter, the deceased lady's brother. It read as follows:

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 4.

Gave name Mrs. John Blake; missed evening 25th. No luggage, but satchel in which two letters, one addressed Mrs. A. F. Carpenter, the other Miss Conklin, both in Brooklyn.

Of course, until the arrival of the anxiously expected letters all is to a certain extent speculation as to the lady's motives and her condition of mind, though it is hardly probable that they will be anything more than farewells to her mother and friend, or will contain anything additional than a few missing details of the story, whose general outline is as given above.

Regatta of the New Jersey Yacht Club.

The New Jersey Yacht Club held a successful open regatta Oct. 2 over a course from Belloc's Island to Buoy No. 13 and return, the catamarans going over the course twice. There were thirty entries, many of the yachts being fast sailers. Among them were the four catamarans: Jessie, owned by F. D. Hughes; Nightmare, Dr. R. M. Weed; Comet, J. E. Buckhout, and Hermes, Fearon and Curtiss. A strong breeze



WHITE-WINGED FLYERS.

THE REGATTA OF THE NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB, OCTOBER 2.—BOATS ROUNDING BUOY 13, THE DARE-DEVIL LEADING.

from the northeast made the yachts fairly fly before the wind as they started down the bay. The Nightmare was the first of the catamarans to start, at 11:13:46, and the Comet followed, a minute behind. The Jessie did not cross until 11:15:00, and the Hermes was handicapped slightly. The Jessie won, finishing at 3:28:28, her elapsed time being 4:13:18. The Nightmare was 18 minutes behind, and the Hermes over 20 minutes.

In class B yachts, 26 feet and over, the Dare Devil was the best sailer, taking the lead from the beginning and keeping it, finishing at 2:26. The Eagle Wing was next in this class, finishing at 2:27:34, or 1 minute 34 seconds behind the Dare Devil. In class C the Only Son made the quickest time over the course in 3:05:12. The Rambler was second. The small boats went around Fort Lafayette and return. Cruiser took the lead, and with Senator close behind, skipped over the course in a lively manner. Cruiser won, her time being 2:15:48, and that of Senator 2:20:13. The prizes were \$30 for the winning boat in classes A and B, \$25 for class C, and \$15 for class D. The regatta committee were E. W. Ket-cham, H. O. Dilworth, and E. A. S. Barkelew.

What a Spark Kindled.

A. O. Proute, of White Plains, N. Y., who keeps in his "country store" a little of everything, weighed out, lately, half a pound of powder for a customer. He was smoking when the order was given, but laid his cigar down when he went to get the powder. While weighing it he picked up his cigar again and commenced puffing. Some ashes and sparks fell into the powder, which at once blazed up. Mr. Proute was badly burned about the face, and his hair, whiskers and eyebrows were singed off. For a few minutes there was great excitement in the neighborhood.

A Wholesale Murder.

Harry Percival, his wife, infant child, and a young man, all of whom lived on a farm about ten miles west of Fullerton, in Nance county, Neb., were found murdered on Oct. 2. Percival's house was robbed and everything of value except the wife's watch was taken. The deed is supposed to have been committed by a farm hand and partner, both of whom are missing.



WHAT A SPARK KINDLED.

THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION CAUSED BY A CARELESS WHITE PLAINS STORE-KEEPER ADDICTED TO SMOKING.



SUICIDE OF MISS CARPENTER.

THE MISSING BROOKLYN LADY JUMPS FROM THE STEAMER BOTHNIA WHEN UNDER WAY AT SEA.



J. H. McCORMICK,

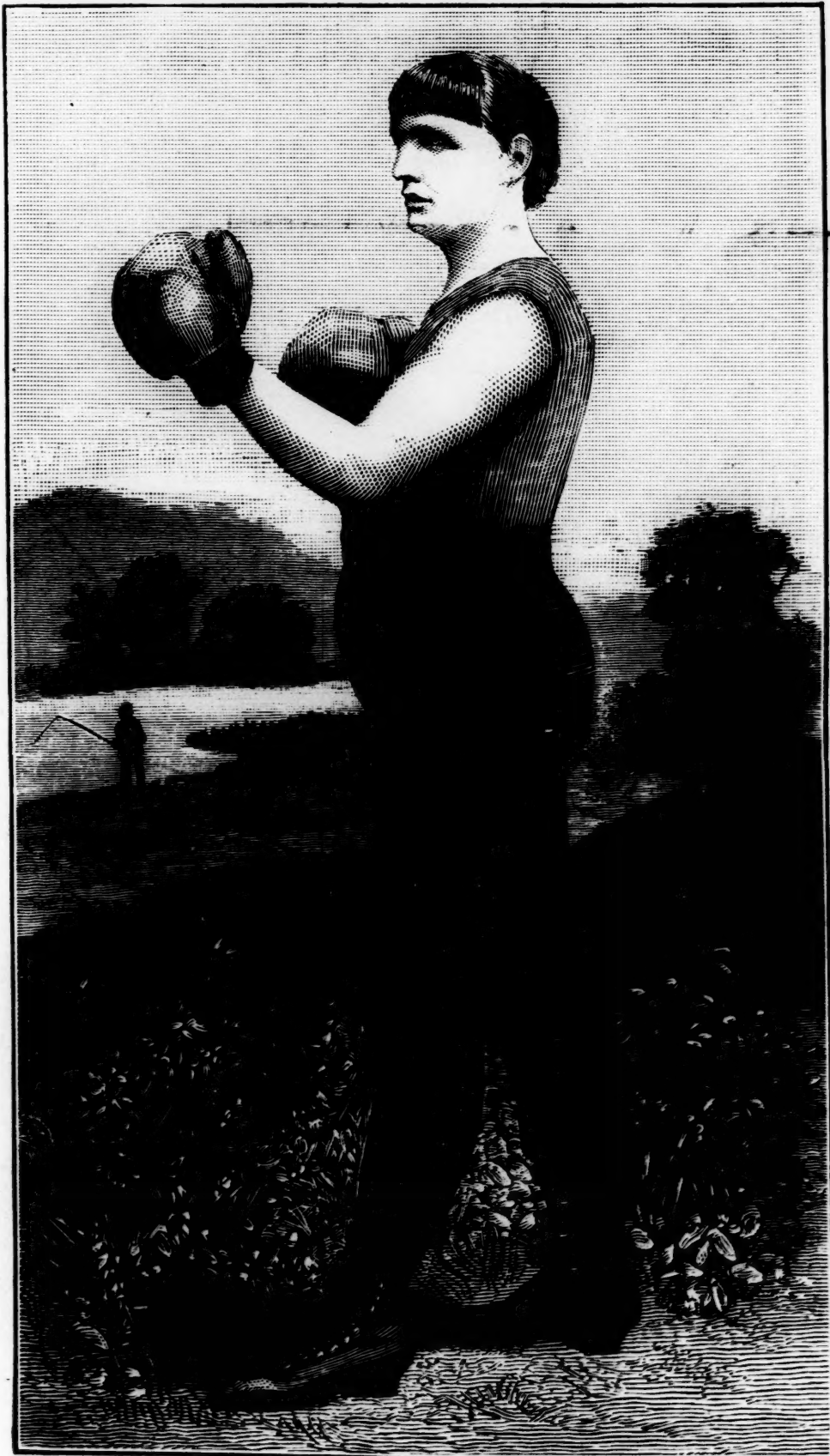
THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN RIDER AND TRAINER OF FAMOUS RACE-HORSES.

[Photo by John Wood.]

Anna Lewis.

Anna Lewis, the celebrated female boxer, was born in Chemung county, New York, Oct. 29, 1856. She went to Cleveland in the fall of 1883. She is a tall, stately woman of masculine bearing, and walks with a firm, decided step. Her form is as straight as an arrow. She has a pleasing face, her lips are thin and firm, and her

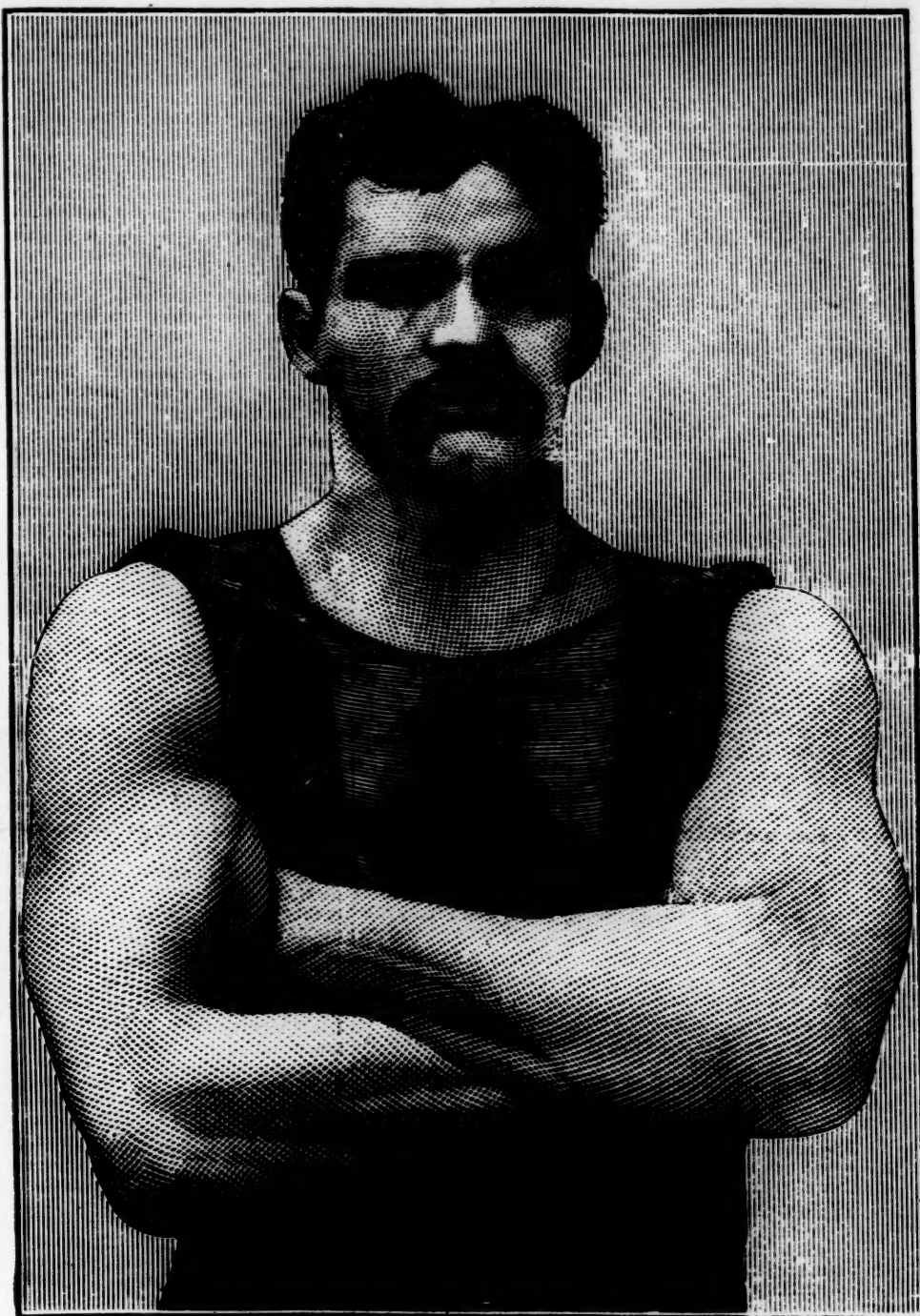
eyes clear and piercing. Her hair is of a bright auburn hue, and is worn banged. The muscles of her arms and chest are as hard as iron. A wiry bundle of muscles lying from the collar-bone to the arm pit, stand out in great prominence. The measurements of her body are as follows: at the shoulders, 39½ inches; arms, 13 inches; breast, 38 inches; forearm 11½ inches; waist, 33½ inches; hips, 41 inches; thighs, 24 inches; knees, 15¼ inches; calf, 14½ inches. The length of arm, from shoulder to the knuckles, 28 inches. She is now twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. She will meet any woman



ANNA LEWIS,

A NOTED FEMALE BOXER, WHO IS WILLING TO MEET ANY WOMAN IN THE WORLD

[Photo by John Wood.]



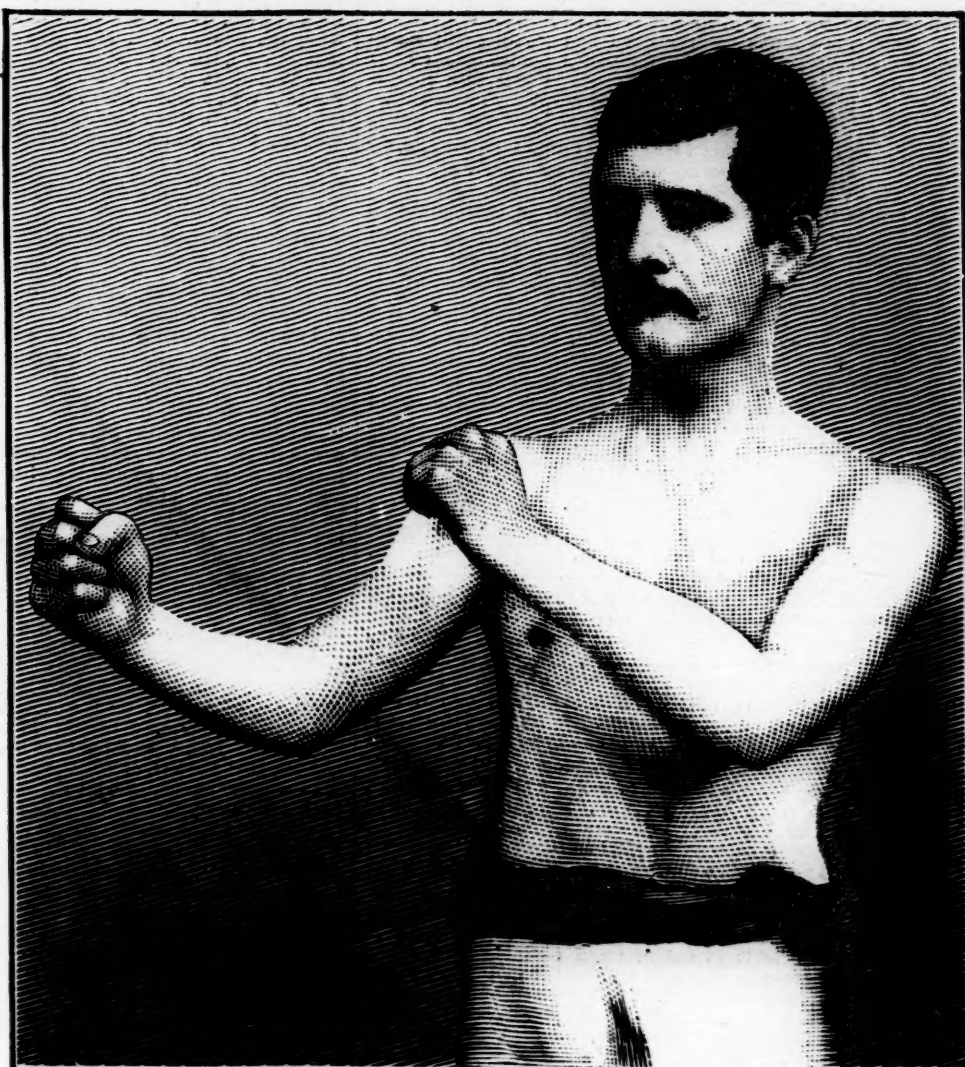
EMIL VOSS,

THE CHAMPION WRESTLER OF GERMANY, WHO IS PREPARED TO MEET THE BEST MEN IN AMERICA.

In the world of any weight, but is unwilling to reduce her own weight below 140 pounds. She has been in training under Eddy for the past four months, and is in excellent shape. All she wants is an opportunity to make a record. A match will doubtless be arranged for her in Buffalo, soon after which she proposes to send on a challenge and forfeit to the GAZETTE.

Justice in Morocco.

In Morocco, when a thief is caught, they ask him what hand he would prefer to have in his possession, and when he has made his choice they cut off the other. When a thief has lost both hands and also his feet, he loses his head and stops stealing.



W. JAMES,

A HERO OF THE ENGLISH PRIZE RING, NOW TEACHING THE MANLY ART AT ALTOONA, PA.

[Photo by John Wood.]

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this page shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

★ Philadelphia has a new cricket-ground which covers seven acres.
★ George Hazael says he will run any man in the world 20 miles, for \$1,000 a side.
★ Commodore Kittson, it is reported, is ready to sell any horse in his racing-stable.
★ J. Dawson is arranging for M. R. Sully to walk 2,000 half-miles in 2,000 half-hours at Philadelphia.

★ Miss Woodford has been retired for the season, after winning every race she has started in for this year.

★ P. H. Moynihan, of South Boston, offers to back J. J. Brennan to walk 5 miles for the championship of South Boston.

★ The followers of amateur athletics believe that Ford, the amateur, who ran 100 yards in 10s recently, can beat Myers' 100 yards.

★ The 880-yard race between J. McQuigan and W. Bowman, at Philadelphia, on Oct. 4, was won by the latter. McQuigan did not finish.

★ Pittsburgh's sporting men will match Teemer to row any man in America 5 miles, and allow a start of 5s, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

★ John Teemer met with a great reception on his arrival in Pittsburgh. His backer and trainer, Evan Morris, also met with quite an ovation.

★ Jack Knifton, not liking to be idle, is willing to box any man in England (bar none) an off-hand match with soft gloves for any amount.

★ The mother of Peter Priddy, of Pittsburgh, is desperate on betting at races. The day Norris beat Priddy she lost \$300 and the day Clator beat Priddy she lost \$1,000.

★ The Brighton Beach Racing Association are thinking about covering the Brighton Beach race-course, putting in steam apparatus, and have races all winter.

★ Vaughan and Edwards are to arrange a six-day heel-and-toe walking match, and any pedestrian will be allowed to enter as it will be a sweep-stakes race.

★ Craft won the first prize in the pool tournament at Philadelphia. Reiber won second; Wharton and Mannelly tied for third prize, but in playing off Wharton won.

★ The bison show of dogs to be held in conjunction with the World's Exposition at New Orleans, will begin Jan. 10, 1885. Mr. Charles Lincoln will be the superintendent.

★ At Perth Amboy on Oct. 14, Fiddler (Martin) Neary will be tendered a benefit. All the boxers from New York have volunteered, and Neary will wind-up with Jack Keenan.

★ William Walker, the colored jockey, who rode Ten Broeck in all his famous races, recently purchased of M. Young, Playfellow, ch. g. (2) by Fellowcraft, dam Placid by Enquirer.

★ Teemer's victory over Wallace Ross in a 5-mile race, in which he allowed his opponent 5 seconds' start, proves that Teemer (as claimed) is the champion oarsman of the United States.

★ At Pittsburgh, Pa., a 5-mile scull race has been arranged for between Reddy Richards, of McKeesport, and Wm. Mozier, of the South Side, for \$150 a side, to be rowed on Oct. 18. Mozier is to have one length start.

★ The college football rules for 1884, just issued, disqualify a player for a single foul. This is the result of the protest made by the Harvard faculty last season, when each player could receive three warnings for fouls before being disqualified.

★ The proposed trotting match between the stallions, Maxey Cobb and Phallas, still hangs fire. In view of the unequalled performance (2:13 1/4) of Maxey Cobb at Providence on Sept. 30, a contest between these flyers would prove highly interesting.

★ John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., offers to walk any man in the world from 1 mile to 100, for \$1,000 a side; or he will make a match with Harry Vaughan, Daniel O'Leary or William Edwards to walk 6 days, 12 hours a day, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

★ An English exchange says: "Alf. Greenfield, the pugilist, is followed by crowds when he is on the street in Birmingham. He is looked upon as a hero, since the announcement of the proposed trip to America, to meet Sullivan, the American champion."

★ W. G. George did not beat the 1,000-yard record when he ran the distance in 2:16. Myers ran this distance in 2m 13s, at the Manhattan Polo Grounds, Oct. 8, 1881, and also on the Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, Eng., less than three months ago, in 2m 14 1/5s.

★ The members of the National Billiard Association met at Columbia Hall, New York, Oct. 5. Jas. Palmer, of Philadelphia, presided. Messrs. H. W. Cullender, John D. O'Connor, Christian Bird, John Creahan and others joined in the deliberations. No business of importance was transacted.

★ A pigeon-shooting match for \$1,000 has been arranged at Kansas City, between Charles Fenn, of Kansas City, and Fred Erb, of St. Joseph, Mo. The match is to take place at Kansas City, on Oct. 17, and each are to shoot at 100 birds, English rules, Erb standing 30 yards from the traps and Fenn 28 yards.

★ The 10-mile heel-and-toe walking match between Denis Driscoll, of Lynn, and John Meagher, of Lawrence, for \$1,000, is off. Meagher was training at Wood's Athletic Grounds until recently, when he was informed that Driscoll had fallen out of a wagon and could not go on with the race. Meagher left for Boston immediately.

★ Robert Bonner is having a sulky built for Maud S., which it is claimed will be the lightest ever made. It is to weigh, when completed, only 33 1/2 pounds—just one pound lighter than the sulky now used for Jay-Eye-See. Though the Queen of the Turf is one-half a hand higher than Jay-Eye-See, she is better fitted to a smaller sulky. This is owing to the difference in the build of the trotters.

★ A glove contest was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 9, between Tom Henry and Jack Dempsey. They posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and signed articles of agreement to box 6 rounds, Queensberry rules, at the Eighth Street theatre on Oct. 25 for \$200, the winner to receive 65 and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate receipts.

Richard K. Fox was selected final stakeholder, and is to select the referee.

★ Writing to the POLICE GAZETTE, George Slosson says: "I will be ready at any time to arrange a match with Schaefer, balk-line and champion game, or with Sexton or Dion, cushion carroms, or with Daly, 12-inch balk-line game, provided the matches shall be played in Chicago." Slosson says that Schaefer has managed to name the amount, place and style of game in all his matches, but if he should play Schaefer again Slosson proposes to have a voice in the details.

★ The following challenge was received at this office:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 7, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR—I hereby challenge Rice, of Ontario, Canada, to run me a mile race for a reasonable stake. If he concludes to make a match I will meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time he may say. To prove I mean business I have posted \$10 in the hands of Richard K. Fox.

★ The stakes (\$1,000) in the collar-and-elbow wrestling match for the championship of America have not yet been given to John McMahon, the winner, by the stakeholder. McMahon had to throw Decker four times before he was declared the winner. After the referee had given his decision, the stakeholder refused to pay the stakes because Decker's backers threatened to sue for them. If Richard K. Fox had held the \$1,000 Decker and McMahon wrestled for the money would have been paid over on the referee rendering a decision.

★ John Murphy makes the following challenges: "I will match a horse (trotter) to go a race to the pole, with running mate, usual conditions, against any horse on earth, harness, and to go in the same manner, for any amount, so long as it is enough to be a consideration, and will give or take expenses, as the case may be, according to where the match may take place. Also, I will match two horses to run to the pole, usual conditions, against any two horses, harness, and going in the same manner, for any amount."

★ The wrestling match, collar-and-elbow, for \$1,000 a side, between H. M. Dufur and an Unknown backed by Dan J. Lynch, of Portsmouth, N. H., will be decided at the Windsor theatre, Boston, Oct. 15. On the posting of the final deposit Lynch named John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, for his Unknown. Dufur was much surprised when he heard it was his old rival. McMahon and Dufur, it will be remembered, wrestled for \$1,000 and the collar-and-elbow championship, last December, at Boston. Dufur got the main stakes. All bets were declared off, McMahon withdrawing.

★ On Oct. 4, at Amherst, at the annual fall meeting of the Amherst College Athletic Association, the best previous records were lowered in several instances. There were about 600 entries. The following is a summary of the most important events: Standing high jump—Smith, '84, 4 ft 3 1/2 in. Running bases—Harris, '85, 12 1/2 s; best previous record 16 1/2 s. Pole vaulting—Perine, '84, 7 ft 6 in. Throwing ball—Dewey, '85, 345 ft. Hop, step and jump—Jackson, '85, 30 ft 8 1/2 in. Throwing hammer—Perine, '85, 78 ft. Quarter-mile run—Fallows, '85, 52 1/2 s. Half-mile run—Holton, '87, 2m 10 1/2 s. Backward dash, 100 yards—Fallows, '85, 14 1/2 s; former time 16 1/2 s.

★ At Chicago trotting meeting on Oct. 3, the event of the day was the successful attempt of Commodore Kittson's pacer, Johnson, to lower his record of 2:10. John Splan drove Johnson, and he paced the mile in 2:06 1/2. Richbell attempted to beat his record, and paced a mile in 2:14. The closing event of the day was the attempt of the pacer mare, Minnie K., hitched to a wagon with running mate, to beat her own record of 2:05. In this she was successful. The first quarter was paced in 6:21 1/2, the half in 1:01 1/2, the three-quarters in 1:21 1/2, and the mile in 2:03 1/2. The best time at this way of going is Westmont's 2:01 1/2. The third quarter in this heat was paced in 6:23 1/2, or at a rate of 1:30 for the mile.

★ Letters are lying at this office for the following parties: C. M. Anderson, L. Alanzopania, Doc Bages, Jack Burke (2), Mr. Calvin, Wm. Daly, Miss Annie Dunscombe, Mike Donovan, Wm. Delaney, Frank Downee, Harry Dobson, Chas. E. Eldred, Dick Garvin, J. W. Graham, Ed. Gales (2), Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Miss Agnes Leonard, Wm. Muldoon (3), Michael McCarthy, John Mackey, Manager Female B. B. Club, of Philadelphia, Chas. McDonald, Wm. Mantell, B. O. Osbin, Chas. Prigeton, Geo. Rooke (2), Hugh Robinson (3), John Roonan (2), Wallace Ross, Frank Redfield, Miss Hattie Stewart, Wm. Stoops, Miss Katie Stokes, Mile. St. Quentin, Miss Minnie Vernon, Capt. Matthew Webb, Clarence Whistler, Harry Woodson, Walter Watson.

★ Walter W. Deninger, of the St. John Rowing Club, of New Orleans, writes as follows to Richard K. Fox: "The St. John Club proposes to hold a great regatta in May, 1885. We of course desire in our professional race to have both Hanlan and Beach, and we notice from the Associated Press dispatches that you yourself desire to get up a race in this country between Hanlan and Beach for a purse and for the 'Police Gazette' trophy. It has occurred to me that the meeting which you desire between these oarsmen would find a most fitting time and place at our regatta, which will be given the more publicity from the fact that it takes place in connection with the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, which will be attended by thousands of people from all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and by a number of foreigners."

★ The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: J. Frank Magraw, Portsmouth, N. H.; Col. Albert Sanborn, Honduras; John Maher, Wm. Edwards, Harry Martin, Ed. Mallahan, Matsada Sorakichi, Andre Christol, wrestler; Billy O'Brien, Pat Sheedy Thad. Meaghan, John S. Bishop, Kansas City, Mo.; Jas. T. De Vaucene, Pierrepont House; Wm. Edwards, Mr. Scofield, Bob Smith, Tom Henry and his backers, Billy Sargood and Mr. D. C. Bryant, of Williamsburgh; F. J. Cryslar, Joe Fowler, Samuel Seymour, London, Eng.; Jas. England, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Jack Burke, Gus. Tutill, Joseph Lawler, Philadelphia, Pa.; Albertus Wood, the Journal; Bryan G. McSwyny, Mayor of Cork; Al. Washburn, Billy Fields, Edward C. Young, Manchester, Conn.; J. J. McCloskey, Mr. Geo. Crocker, Joe Denning, Jack Dempsey, Thos. Houllihan, Prof. Todd, Hartford, Conn.; H. Kaylor, Mr. Johnson, Providence, R. I.; Gus Lippman, Ben Hogan, the evangelist; John McMahon, Dan Dwyer, of Boston; James Murphy, Frank Russell, Bob Smith.

★ On Oct. 5 Morris O'Connell, the well-known pugilist, died at St. Louis. He was a native of the State of New York. He was a fine-looking man, about twenty-seven years of age, standing 5 ft 10 in high and weighing, when in good health, 170 lbs. His appearance and demeanor were those of a quiet gentleman, and he was far removed from the ideal type of his profession. While residing in St. Louis he was almost continuously in the employ of Tom Kelly, who speaks very highly of him. As a boxer he was

quite clever and a hard biter. He frequently put up his hands in friendly bouts at Kelly's, and the announcement that he was going to spar generally filled the house with his admirers. In the recent contest between Cardiff and Jack King, he was the latter's second. Before going to St. Louis he spent considerable time in Scranton and Bradford, Pa., and traveled, giving exhibitions with Bob Farrell, Charley McDonald and Prof. Donaldson. During his stay in the oil country he had a rough-and-turn-up with Ben Hogan, then a noted bar-room fighter, but now a revivalist, in which Hogan was defeated. At Hot Springs he defeated Billy O'Brien, who is at present managing Dominick McCaffrey. The expense of his funeral will be borne by Tom Kelly, the noted St. Louis sporting man and pugilist.

★ Mike Donovan, of New York, did Jack Welch up in 5 rounds at Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia, one night last week. A though there was no knock-out, Donovan hit Welch four blows to every one that Welch landed on Donovan's body. Donovan forced the fighting, and in the fourth round particularly simply played with his antagonist. When Welch had an opportunity to plant a blow in Donovan's face he would hit him a light tap on the breast, and Donovan would follow it up with a smart blow in Welch's face invariably. There was a great deal of shouting by the big audience that packed the theatre, and when, at the end of the fourth round, Donovan had shown his unquestionable scientific superiority there were many cries for Donovan and a good deal of good-natured guffing for Welch. In the fifth round, which was an after agreement, Donovan repeated his skill and Welch behaved more like an awkward boy than the skilled fighter he claims to be. After the fight had been decided by the referee Welch stepped to the front of the stage and said he would fight any man in America to a finish, barring Sullivan. After "the dead stranger of Wilmington," Billy Carroll, had declined to act as referee, Stage Manager Thomas O'Neil, of the theatre, agreed to give the decision, which was in favor of Donovan and applauded by the audience.

★ The long-pending glove contest between Jack Dempsey and Robert Turnbull, at Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, East Thirteenth street, New York, on Oct. 8, was a slugging affair. They fought for a purse of \$25 offered by Billy Madden. Every one knew the contest would be a genuine one, and a large crowd packed the now famous sporting resort. Among the noted sporting men and patrons of boxing present were Ed. Kearney, Mart Malone, John Daly, Pat Sheedy, and a host of others. Tommy Ferguson seconded Dempsey, while Turnbull had the services of Denny Costigan. After the pugilists had entered the ring, it looked a dollar to a ferry-ticket on Dempsey, for he was taller, more muscular and heavier than his plucky and good-looking opponent. According to the agreement signed, the pugilists were to box 8 rounds "Police Gazette" Revised rules. Dempsey was a heavy favorite in the betting, but there was little speculation. In the first round Dempsey made a savage rush at his opponent, as if he intended to finish him in the first round. Landing heavily with his left just above the belt and his right on Turnbull's ear, he forced him against the ropes. Turnbull took his punishment with the appetite of a glutton. Now and again he made play with his left and right, striking blows that made Dempsey grunt, but left no visible mark. The spectators were confident that two rounds would finish it. Turnbull's left eye was almost closed and he was saved from knock-down twice by the wall at the back of the stage. Early in the second round Dempsey got in a terrible right-hander on Turnbull's nose, turning on a free flow of blood. Turnbull's time during the succeeding rounds was principally occupied in getting out of the way. Once in awhile he got in some telling blows with his left, but Dempsey scarcely minded them. He, however, had outfigured himself in the first three rounds, and during the fourth he became so blown that it looked as though Turnbull had some chance. Both men were covered with blood which Turnbull alone had shed, and the nose and mouth of the latter were swollen out of all shape, while Dempsey's only visible punishment was a broken tooth and a cut lip. The last four rounds began with both sparring for wind, but Dempsey varied them by his rushes, which forced Turnbull to the ropes, and looking like flinching rallies, really left him little the worse. He was strong on his legs as when he began. He evaded many blows by ducking, and Dempsey was so winded that he could not recover himself in time to avoid some damaging blows. Turnbull, at the end of the round was so weak that he could hardly get to his seat, but the minute's rest so revived him that he was equal to standing more punishment. In the last round Dempsey delivered blows that sounded throughout the hall. He aimed at head and stomach, and generally landed where he aimed, but Turnbull took the punishment, and was still on his feet when the referee decided Dempsey the winner.

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Without the least expense for medical or other treatment, young, old or middle-aged men who are weak, nervous and prostrated, from whatever cause, can be quickly and permanently cured. Method of cure new, remarkable, simple and infallible, and approved by the most intelligent patients and physicians. The opportunity is one of a lifetime, and those interested are advised to apply at once, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for all particulars, to Anti-Medical Bureau, 9 Day street, New York.

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MANUFACTURERS OF PROPRIETARY MEDICINES,
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Richard K. Fox, Esq.,
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N. W. AYER & SON'S "Newspaper Annual" for 1884 is received. The necessary statistical information contained therein is a marvel in the way of compilation, and without such a guide our largest advertisers would be at sea.

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C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the *Week's Doings* will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

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We will send you C. O. D. six extra long lace-trimmed Cambric Chemises or skirts for \$6.00, in order to convince you that we are the cheapest house in the United States for ladies' underwear. Catalogue free by mail: MARTIN BROS., 804 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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LOOK OUT FOR No. 80 OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS!

Published Oct. 13, and full of exciting and interesting reading for all classes, and more especially for the boys. In this number will be commenced a highly sensational serial story of contemporaneous life and interest, introducing scenes of high and low life in the great metropolis, and entitled:

JACK BLAKELY, THE TELEGRAPH BOY!

Written expressly for the *Week's Doings* by the well-known novelist, Joe Baggett.

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In order to excite the ambition of the thousands of boys who will read the *Week's Doings* in its new form, it has been decided to offer a

WEEKLY PRIZE OF \$10,

to be awarded to the boy who shall contribute the best story, not longer than one column. A likeness of the successful competitor will be published with each story. Send your contributions addressed "Editor *Week's Doings*," and write on one side of the paper only.

While introducing these new features, the *Week's Doings* will also present to its readers a number of stories of

Thrilling Adventure.

Illustrated Events of the Day,

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and, in fact, every feature of the cheapest, liveliest, best and most entertaining paper ever offered for the price.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Editor and Proprietor,

Franklin Square, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Greatest Novelty Out.

The Blaine and Cleveland Trick Watch Charm.

A good representation of each Candidate made of hard metal and gold plated, 1 1/2 inches long, can be worn on the Watch Chain. By pressing a spring in the heel of the candidate he thumbs his nose and performs other amusing antics which make the crowd roar with delight. Every one wants one, and will buy one when offered for sale. One agent sold 300 the first day out. Sample sent upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps, or 1 doz. postpaid for \$1.00. State which candidate is wanted. Order at once so as to secure the first sales, thereby controlling them in your vicinity. Address: HOME MFG. CO., P. O. Box 1918, Boston, Mass.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUX & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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